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GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T QUILLER COUCH

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E. V. LUCAS.

JUNIOR MODERN ESSAYS



SELECTED AND EDITED BY
GUY N. POCOCK
M. A

THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN COM-
PLETE CONFORMITY WITH THE
AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS

INTRODUCTION

Before you begin to read all the delightful things collected together in this little book, there is one point upon which you should be quite clear. What is an essay? Well, the term is a pretty wide one. Literally it means 'an attempt'—a shot at hitting the mark—a blow on the head of the literary nail that pins an idea into permanence. Your essay may be compressed or diffuse, terse or discursive, grave or gay—but in every instance it is a literary gadget—a cameo—a frog in amber—or whatever small, clear-cut, and finished object you care to compare it to. It belongs to a different plane from that of the great literary forms—the drama, the novel, or the epic, and it is in prose rather what the lyric is in poetry

When you have read a great number of essays you find that they all have this in common: the writer has chosen a single subject for the theme of each essay, and expressed his own thoughts about it in a style that is

string—a very short string at that—circling round the central idea. This is true of another short prose form—the short story—but the essay has no plot nor crisis as the story has; and the story is not, or should not be, a disquisition like the essay In short, your essayist chooses a subject and says his say about it, gripping your interest at once, holding you to it till he has done, and then letting go with a satisfying finish.

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INTRODUCTION

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manage. Yet the great critics, such as Dr. Johnson, have one and all refused to class the essay as a great literary form. It is too simple to read, and, compared with the great works that require long sustained effort, too easy to write; the manner is too light; the matter too trivial, or at least too circumscribed, to allow them to consider the form a great one. Well, it is true that most essays are simple to read—hence their vast popularity—and they do not need that power and concentration in the writer which the greater forms demand. The style, too, is often light, and in keeping with the subject. Yet deep and important subjects have been discussed in essays, and if this form is short, one must remember that much thought may be packed into a brilliant phrase.

The essay as we know it is modern. There are no essays in Greek or Latin. Montaigne practically invented the form—he was born in 1533, and his essays were translated by Florio in 1603—and ever since his day it has grown in popularity and in variety and scope. Francis Bacon was the first of English essayists—for though Geoffrey Chaucer and William Caxton hit upon something very near the essay, it was Bacon who first achieved the true essay form. After Bacon came a long procession of great essayists—Fuller and Dekker and Abraham Cowley, Addison, Steele, Swift, Dr. Johnson, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Coleridge, Carlyle, Richard Jefferies, R. L. Stevenson, and a vast and widening circle of present-day essayists.

Every imaginable subject has been treated in the essay, and in every variety of style. But note this, that every essay worth the name, no matter what its subject, is quietly personal, almost confidential—for indeed each writer is letting you into his personal confidence.

'Between you and me, this is what I think,' he seems to be saying all the time. Your essays may be as terse as those of Bacon, gentlemanly as Addison's, courtly as Temple's, rhythmical as De Quincey's, whimsical as some of Robert Lynd's, paradoxical as those of G. K. Chesterton—but in every instance there is an intimacy that is almost conversational. You feel as you read that you know the writer in quiet mood; that he is letting you share his thoughts about the things that interest him, and that he means to interest you, too, without bookishness or boredom.

. . . .

All the essays chosen for this little book are modern. Most of the writers are still living. In our own day the variety of essays both in subject and style is so sweeping that one could make a hundred such books as this were the choice unrestricted. But in making this collection I have had to say to myself, 'This is a book for young people. If they are to be interested it is no use giving them subjects such as "The Human Understanding" or "The Persistence of Personality" or "Relativity." [illegible] which they [illegible] have chosen [illegible] travel, and sport, and playgoing, and cricket, and animals, and school stories, and naval training, and circuses, and such. If young people do not care about such subjects, well, they must indeed be hard to please.

The style, again, must be such that young people [illegible]

of expression must be straightforward—not too —

parodox or irony. And there must be variety—not more than one essay by each author.

If you glance down the Table of Contents you will see that I have grouped the Essays together, for the most part, in pairs. This has been done for the sake of comparison. One may learn much from viewing a subject from different angles. Some essays are, of course, harder than others; but there has been no attempt to arrange them in order of difficulty. You must use your intelligence in reading any essay, and as I have been careful to select comparatively easy essays from the work of the more 'difficult' authors, you will find nothing to baffle you.

GUY POCOCK.

NOTE ON THE SECOND EDITION

It is always pleasant to be able to say 'I told you so!'—to justify one's prophetic soul with a metaphorical uncle; particularly so when one's prediction was based on the firm belief that the literary taste of boys and girls is as unchanging as it is sound and healthy. Though it is for the most part the teachers who choose the books, they know very well the kind of good literature that makes the right impression upon their pupils. And most gratifying it is that a first large edition of this little book has been exhausted in a single term.

G. N. P.

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JUNIOR MODERN ESSAYS

THE HERRING FLEET

ROBERT LYND: *The Pleasures of Ignorance*

THE last spectacle of which Christian men are likely to grow tired is a harbour. Centuries hence there may be jumping-off places for the stars, and our children's children's and so forth children may regard a ship as a creeping thing scarcely more adventurous than a worm. Meanwhile, every harbour gives us a sense of being in touch, if not with the ends of the universe, with the ends of the earth. This, more than the entrance to a wood or the source of a river or the top of a bald hill, is the beginning of infinity. Even the dirtiest coal-boat that lies beached in the harbour, a mere hulk of utilities that are taken away by dirty men in dirty carts, will in a day or two lift itself from the mud on a full tide and float away like a spirit into the sunset or curtsey to the image of the North Star. Mystery lies over the sea. Every ship is bound for Thule. That, perhaps, is why men are content day after day to stand on the pier-head and to gaze at the water and the ships and sailors running up and down the decks and pulling the ropes of sails.

We may have no reason for pretending to ourselves that the fishing-boats are ships of dreams setting out on infinite voyages. But, none the less, even in a fishing

together, and move like a travelling town over the sea. As likely as not they will have to come back out of the storm into the shelter of the bay, and they will ride there till nightfall, when every boat becomes a lamp, and every sail a shadow. In the darkness they hang like a constellation on the oily water. They become a company of dancing stars. Every now and then a boat moves off on a quest of its own. It is as though the firmament were shaken. One hears the kick-kick-kick of the motor, and a star has become a will-o'-the-wisp. These lights can no more keep still than a playground of children. They always make a pattern on the water, but they never make the same pattern. Sometimes they lengthen themselves against the sandy shore on the far side of the bay into a golden river. Sometimes they huddle together into a little procession of monks carrying tapers. . . .

One goes down to the harbour after breakfast the next morning to see what has been the result of the night's fishing. One does not really need to go down. One can see it afar off. There is movement as at the building of a city. On every boat men are busy emptying the nets, disentangling the fish that have been caught by the gills, tumbling them in a liquid mass into the bottom of the boat. One can hardly see the fish separately. They flow into one another. They are a pool of quicksilver. One is amazed, as the disciples must have been amazed at the miraculous draught. Everything is covered with their scales. The fishermen are spotted as if with confetti. Their hands, their brown coats, their boots are a mass of white-and blue spots. The labourers with the gurries—great blue boxes that are carried like Sedan-chairs between two pairs of handles—come up alongside, and the fish are ladled into the gurries from tin

pans As each gurry is filled the men hasten off with it to where the auctioneer is standing. With the help of a small notebook and a lead pencil he auctions it before an outsider can wink, and the gurry is taken a few yards further, where women are pouring herrings into barrels. They, too, are covered with fish-scales from head to foot. They are dabbled like a painter's palette. So great is the haul that every cart in the countryside has come down to lend a hand. The fish are poured into the carts over the sides of the boats like water. Old fishermen stand aside and look on with a sense of having wasted their youth. They recall the time when they went fishing in the North Sea and had to be content to sell their catch at a shilling and sixpence a cran—a cran being equal to four gurries, or about a thousand herrings. Who is there now who would sell even a hundred herrings for one and sixpence? Who is there [illegible]

carts almost run over you as they make journey after journey between boat and barrel. No wonder that three different sorts of sea-gulls—the herring gull, the lesser black-headed gull, and the black-backed gull—have gathered about us in screaming multitudes and fill the air like a snowstorm. Every child in the town seems to be making for home with its finger in a fish's mouth, or in two fishes' mouths, or in three fishes' mouths Artists have hurried down to the harbour, and have set up their easels on every spot that is not already occupied by a fish barrel or an auctioneer or a man with a knife in his teeth preparing to gut a dogfish The town has lost its head. It has become Midas for the day. Every time it

opens its mouth a herring comes out. A doom of herrings has come upon us. The smell rises to heaven. It is as though we were breathing fish-scales. Even the pretty blue overalls of the children have become spotted. Everywhere barrels and boxes have been piled high. We are hoisting them on to carts—farm carts, grocers' carts, coal carts, any sort of carts. We must get rid of the stuff at all costs. Anything to get it up the hill to the railway station. The very horses are frenzied. They stick their toes into the hill and groan. The drivers, excited with cupidity as they think of all the journeys they will be able to make before evening, bully them and beat them with the ends of the reins. Their eyes are excited, their gestures impatient. They fill the town with clamour and smell. It is an occasion on which, as the vulgar say, they wouldn't call the queen their aunt. . . .

This, I fancy, is where all the romance of the sea began—in the story of a greedy man and a fresh herring. The ship was a symbol of man's questing stomach long before it was a symbol of his questing soul. He was a hungry man, not a poet, when he built the first harbour. Luckily, the harbour made a poet of him. Sails gave him wings. He learned to traffic for wonders. He became a traveller. He told tales. He discovered the illusion of horizons. Perhaps, however, it is less the sailor than the ship that attracts our imagination. The ship seems to convey to us more than anything else a sense at once of perfect freedom and perfect adventure. That is why we are content to stand on the harbour stones all day and watch anything with sails. We ourselves want to live in some such freedom and adventure as this. We are feeding our appetite for liberty as we gaze hungrily after the ships making their way out of harbour into the sea.

THE DOVER PATROL

JOSEPH CONRAD: *Last Essays*

THE worth of sentiment lies in the sacrifices men will make for its sake. All ideals are built on the ground of solid achievement, which in a given profession creates in the course of time a certain tradition, or, in other words, a standard of conduct. The existence of a standard of conduct in its turn makes the most improbable achievement possible, by augmenting the power of endurance and of self-sacrifice amongst men who look to the past for their lessons and for their inspiration.

The story of the achievement of the Dover Patrol is merged in the greater proud record of the Navy's protective part played with simplicity and self-sacrifice in the Great War of the twentieth century, yet that story has its own features, its own particular atmosphere, and its own importance.

The opening years of the nineteenth century had their Great War, too. Longer in its duration, it was carried on with less animosity. It was less in the nature of a struggle for dear life, and, except in its spirit, it was less intensely national It did not involve in its toils the whole population. The issues at stake were as great, perhaps, but did not appear in such definite shapes to the great mass of the people which suffered its hardships and gave up its sons to its struggles. In its most obvious aspect that war, like the one of our day, was waged against an attempt at universal dominion. But it must be admitted that it was also a

war against the revolt of newborn ideas represented by a great and dominant figure issued from a revolution and taking its own fatally conquering way amongst the imperfectly awakened nations of Europe. It was a struggle of the old certitudes against a man embodying the new force of subversive beliefs. It ran its course, as momentous, if less ruthless than the deadly struggle in which the Dover Patrol has played its part. When it ended, it left the world as weary, indeed, as it is to-day, but much less unsettled in its thoughts and emotions about the spiritual value of its monstrous experience. Men's ideas were simpler then, their sentiments less complex. Their desires and hopes, as poignant perhaps, remained still obscure. The instinctive reaction against all the cruel negations a war imposes on humanity had a less resentful character; and men's judgment of the attained issue was less embittered by the effort they had been called upon to make. Yet their personal feelings were much like our own.

When the hour of peace struck in 1815 there must have been on board the king's ships anchored in the Downs, patrolling in the Channel, in the squadrons on distant stations, and in others cruising off nearly every port of Northern Europe—there must have been the feeling that there never would be such a war again; a feeling of relief, mingled, no doubt, with a half-acknowledged sense of regret for the occupation that was gone. The great question arising at the end of every prolonged effort made by mankind. And now—what next? asked without misgivings in the consciousness of an accomplished duty—was not free from a certain uneasiness as to the days that would follow in other and unknown conditions. For a whole generation had grown from boyhood to maturity with no knowledge

of peace conditions, and unperturbed by moral doubts of its warlike achievement.

Amongst the men of the Dover Patrol assembled to see the unveiling of the memorial to their own unforgettable dead there will be also a feeling of regret for those days that are past, regret of the strenuous life with its earnest purpose, its continuity of risk, its sense of professional efficiency, its community of desperate toil; regret even of those moments of extreme bodily fatigue associated with that feeling of spiritual exaltation which enabled them each in his station, from the admiral commanding to the youngest member of a small drifter's crew, to defy the enmity of nature and the hostility of men.

Nobody would dream of apportioning shares of importance in the great task of the Navy, so varied in its unity, so diverse in its singleness of aim and its invariable purpose. But it is a fact that amongst all those activities directed to the same end, exposed to the same risk, making the same appeal, and entered upon with the same courage, the work of the Dover Patrol was very special work The Dover Patrol held the southern exit of the North Sea in the same way in which the Grand Fleet may be said to have held its northern entrance; and the greatness of its responsibility may be appreciated from the one dominant fact that on that patrol rested the safety of our communications with the Army in France, and that one of its

in force within easy striking distance on the flank of the line, an enemy superior in numbers and material, holding in his hands every element of successful attack

except for just a portion—an ever so small portion—of that sea spirit animating the officers and men of the Dover command who stood in his way—including the very workers on shore in repair workshops and fitting-out sheds.

There was never a greater accord of fearless executive energy and skilled hard work than in the Dover Patrol. From the point of view of its spiritual harmony it was worthy to hold the extreme right wing of the great sea defence. Of its material success we all know by now; we have all heard of the millions of men transported to and fro across the Straits, of miles of nets laid along the coasts and kept in repair in defiance of heavy seas and long-range batteries, of mines swept along routes equalling in length twelve times the circumference of the globe, of merchant fleets of a hundred ships and more shepherded every day through the Downs. The eloquence of arithmetical figures as applied to the merits of the Dover Patrol is overwhelming indeed; but no figure of rhetoric can render justice to the quiet resolution of the men making up for the inadequacy of the means, the unavoidable inadequacy of the means, for which only the force of circumstances was responsible, for which no past Government can be blamed, since no one could have guessed the enormous scale of material requirements.

The means were inadequate, woefully inadequate, and thus the only trumps the admiral of the Dover Patrol held in his hand at every turn of the dreadful game was the physical endurance, the inborn seamanship, the matter-of-fact, industrious, indefatigable enthusiasm with which every one under his orders threw his very soul into his appointed task. Threw it in and kept it there. It was no momentary effort. For

the anxious days of the Dover Patrol were to be many, its nights full of dangers, its problems exacting, its duty-calls incessant, and its men after all but the flesh and blood of our common humanity. Their souls were the only trumps in the desperate game, as he who was in command must have felt at every moment of night and day. It was a great and successful game, but it must be confessed that for more than half the time it was a game of bluff. It came off at every deal—England's usual luck—that this time, too, has not failed her at the hour of need! And England may well be proud of her traditional luck in the character of her children serving her at sea, on shore, and in the air.

The activities of the Dover Patrol were of many kinds, but there were three imperative duties to which all its energies had to be devoted: the safety of the troop-transport service, the protection of merchant shipping, the closing of the Channel exit against the German submarines. One need not insist on th[illegible]
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c[illegible]
be carried out with the slenderest conceivable means, with obsolete torpedo destroyers, and with unarmed drifters, in the presence of an enemy of superior force and possessing an infinite advantage in his power to choose his own time for an attack of the most deadly kind. Those three purely naval problems required incessant hard work, incessant risk, and incessant vigilance. The routine of the Dover Patrol included the boarding of ships, the regulation of traffic along the cleared war lane, the laying of net and mine barrages on the Belgian coast and across the Channel, their guard and maintenance in all weathers and in all circumstances, with always present in all minds the sense of

numerical inferiority in a mission the failure of which might have well brought about something not very far from a national disaster. In such conditions the stress put upon the fortitude of every individual was bound to be very great.

The Dover Patrol was equal to it. Its devotion, expressed in a plodding, dogged perseverance, stood the test of frequent severe losses in men and ships, and of continuous severe strain on its mental and physical faculties as a whole. The tale of the Dover Patrol is the tale of a small nucleus of ships and crews of the Royal Navy, and round it of a great number of other men and other vessels, mostly fisher-folk and fisher-craft, with the addition of Merchant Service men and of R.N.R. and R.N.V.R. officers and ratings. Though, properly speaking, not belonging to the fighting service, all those men lived up to their old tradition, and were found sufficient for the trust reposed in them.

They were found sufficient. No praise could be more adequately expressed, when one looks at the magnitude of the trust and the arduous character of the operations it imposed upon the men and the ships of the Dover command. Originating in the simple Downs boarding flotilla, under the orders of the naval officer commanding at Harwich, the Dover Patrol developed an independent existence, and by the establishment of fortified German naval bases on the coast of Flanders, acquired an importance in the scheme of naval defence which cannot well be exaggerated. The reinforcements and supplies for the Army, the food for the country, demanded the safety of the Straits. Had the enemy probed the weakness of the Dover Patrol and broken with his overwhelming force through that thin defence to invade the waters of the Channel it would have

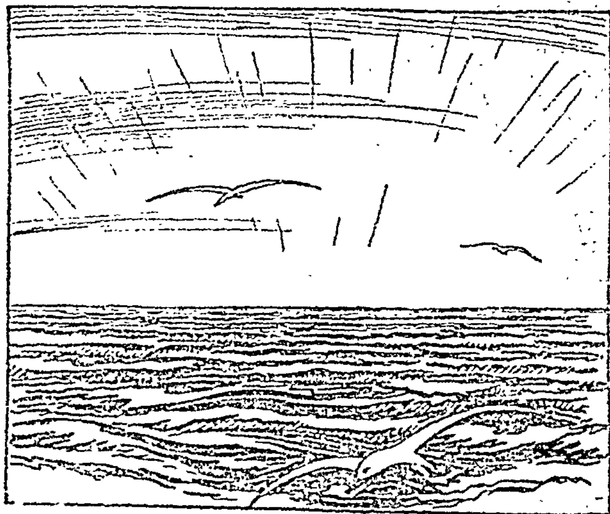
been a disaster, the fatal consequences of which imagination even now shrinks from contemplating.

The great sailor-like qualities of the Dover Patrol, the consummate seamanship displayed in the planning and execution of its incessant operations, its steady manner of meeting
in the presence
well compel the
something, however little, of the demands of sea service. To the risks of actual warfare the crews of the drifters watching over the barrage nets were often helplessly exposed. But nothing could dismay either the naval or the auxiliary branches of the Dover Patrol. These men were concerned about the perfection of their work, but the sudden flash of German guns in the night troubled them not at all As, indeed, why should it? In their early days some of them had but a single rifle on board to meet the three four-inch guns of German destroyers. Unable to put up a fight and without speed to get away, they made a sacrifice of their lives every

weakness, by the slightest moment of hesitation in the long tale of dangerous service.

In this simple way these seamen, professional and unprofessional, naval and civilian, have earned for themselves the memorial erected to their faithful labours. The record of the Dover Patrol's work contains a great moral and a good many professional lessons for their children and their successors, the incalculable value of a steady front, the perfecting of nets, the exact

process of laying barrages in a tideway, the evolving of an ingenious method for night bombardments, and of a system of long-range firing—a whole great store of new ideas and new practice laid up for future use. But in truth that which in the last instance kept the German forces from breaking disastrously on any dark night into the Channel, and jeopardizing the very foundations of our resisting power, was not the wonderfully planned and executed defences of nets and mines, but the indomitable hearts of the men of the Dover Patrol.



ADVENTURES *of* BUCCANEERS

ANDREW LANG: *Essays in Little*

MOST of us, as boys, have envied the buccaneers. The greatest of all boys, Canon Kingsley, once wrote a pleasing and regretful poem in which the Last Buccaneer represents himself as a kind of picturesque philanthropist:

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate
and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone

The buccaneer is a 'gallant sailor,' according to Kingsley's poem—a Robin Hood of the waters, who preys only on the wicked rich, or the cruel and Popish Spaniard, and the extortionate shipowner. For his own part, when he is not rescuing poor Indians, the buccaneer lives mainly 'for climate and the affections':

Oh, sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore

Yet the vocation was not really so touchingly chival-

rous as the poet would have us deem. One Joseph Esquemeling, himself a buccaneer, has written the history and described the exploits of his companions in plain prose, warning eager youths that 'pieces-of-eight do not grow on every tree,' as many raw recruits have believed. Mr. Esquemeling's account of these matters may be purchased, with a great deal else that is instructive and entertaining, in *The History of the Buccaneers in America.* My edition (of 1810) is a dumpy little book, in very small type, and quite a crowd of publishers took part in the venture. The older editions are difficult to procure if your pockets are not stuffed with pieces-of-eight. You do not often find even this volume, but 'when found make a note of,' and you have a reply to Canon Kingsley.

A charitable old Scotch lady, who heard our ghostly foe evil spoken of, remarked that, 'If we were all as diligent and conscientious as the Devil, it would be better for us.' Now, the buccaneers were certainly models of diligence and conscientiousness in their own industry, which was to torture people till they gave up their goods, and then to run them through the body, and spend the spoils over drink and dice. Except Dampier, who was a clever man, but a poor buccaneer (Mr. Clark Russell has written his life), they were the most hideously ruthless miscreants that ever disgraced the earth and the sea. But their courage and endurance were no less notable than their greed and cruelty, so that a moral can be squeezed even out of these abandoned miscreants. The soldiers and sailors who made their way within gunshot of Khartoum, overcoming thirst, hunger, heat, the desert, and the gallant children of the desert, did not fight, march, and suffer more bravely than the scoundrels who sacked Maracaibo and burned

caneers. To tell the truth, most of them had no particular cause to love the human species. They were often Europeans who had been sold into slavery on the West Indian plantations, where they learned lessons of cruelty by suffering it. Thus Mr. Joseph Esquemeling, our historian, was beaten, tortured, and nearly starved to death in Tortuga, 'so I determined, not knowing how to get any living, to enter into the order of the pirates or robbers of the sea.' The poor Indians of the isles, much pitied by Kingsley's buccaneer, had a habit of sticking their prisoners all over with thorns, wrapped in oily cotton, whereto they then set fire 'These cruelties many Christians have seen while they lived among these barbarians' Mr. Esquemeling was to see, and inflict, plenty of this kind of torment, which was not out of the way nor unusual. One planter alone had killed over a hundred of his servants—'the English did the same with theirs.'

A buccaneer voyage began in stealing a ship, collecting desperadoes, and torturing the local herdsmen till they gave up their masters' flocks, which were salted as provisions. Articles of service were then drawn up, on the principle 'No prey, no pay.' The spoils, when taken, were loyally divided as a rule, though Captain Morgan, of Wales, made no more scruple about robbing his crew than about barbecuing a Spanish priest. 'They are very civil and charitable to each other, so that if any one wants what another has, with great willingness they give it to one another.' In other matters they did not in the least resemble the early Christians. A fellow

nicknamed 'The Portuguese' may be taken as our first example of their commendable qualities.

With a small ship of four guns he had taken a great one of twenty guns, with 70,000 pieces-of-eight. . . . He himself, however, was presently captured by a larger vessel, and imprisoned on board. Being carelessly watched, he escaped on two earthen jars (for he could not swim), reached the woods in Campechy, and walked for a hundred and twenty miles through the bush. His only food was a few shellfish, and by way of a knife he had a large nail, which he whetted to an edge on a stone. Having made a kind of raft, he struck a river, and paddled to Golpho Triste, where he found congenial pirates. With twenty of these, and a boat, he returned to Campechy, where he had been a prisoner, and actually captured the large ship in which he had lain captive! Bad luck pursued him, however: his prize was lost in a storm; he reached Jamaica in a canoe, and never afterwards was concerned as leader in any affair of distinction. Not even Odysseus had more resource, nor was more long-enduring; but Fortune was 'The Portuguese's' foe.

Braziliano, another buccaneer, served as a pirate before the mast, and 'was beloved and respected by all.' Being raised to command, he took a plate ship; but this success was of indifferent service to his otherwise amiable character. 'He would often appear foolish and brutish when in drink,' and had been known to roast Spaniards alive on wooden spits 'for not showing him hog-yards where he might steal swine.' One can hardly suppose that Kingsley would have regretted *this* buccaneer, even if he had been the last, which unluckily he was not. His habit of sitting in the street beside a barrel of beer, and shooting all passers-by who would

not drink with him, provoked remark, and was an act detestable to all friends of temperance principles.

François L'Olonnois, from Southern France, had been kidnapped, and sold as a slave in the Caribbee Islands. Recovering his freedom, he plundered the Spanish, says my buccaneer author, 'till his unfortunate death.' With two canoes he captured a ship which had been sent after him, carrying ten guns and a hangman for his express benefit. This hangman, much to the fellow's chagrin, L'Olonnois put to death like the rest of his prisoners His great achievements were in the Gulf of Venezuela or Bay of Maracaibo. The gulf is a strong place; the mouth, no wider than a gunshot, is guarded by two islands. Far up the inlet is Maracaibo, a town of three thousand people, fortified and surrounded by woods. Yet farther up is the town of Gibraltar. To attack these [illegible] stole past th[illegible] the woods. [illegible] resistance; there were examples of courage, but none of conduct. With strong forts, heavy guns, many men, provisions, and ammunition they quailed before the desperate valour of the pirates. The towns were sacked, the fugitives hunted out in the woods, and the most [illegible] nake them betray [illegible] When they were [illegible], they were hacked, twisted, burned, and starved to death.

Such were the manners of L'Olonnois, and Captain Morgan, of Wales, was even more ruthless.

Gibraltar was well fortified and strengthened after Maracaibo fell; new batteries were raised, the way through the woods was barricaded, and no fewer than eight hundred men were under arms to resist a small

pirate force, exhausted by debauch, and having its retreat cut off by the forts at the mouth of the great salt-water loch. But L'Olonnois did not blench: he told the men that audacity was their one hope, also that he would pistol the first who gave ground. The men cheered enthusiastically, and a party of three hundred and fifty landed. The barricaded way they could not force, and in a newly cut path they met a strong battery which fired grape. But L'Olonnois was invincible. He tried that old trick which rarely fails, a sham retreat, and this lured the Spaniards from their earthwork on the path. The pirates then turned, sword in hand, slew two hundred of the enemy, and captured eight guns. The town yielded, the people fled to the woods, and then began the wonted sport of torturing the prisoners. Maracaibo they ransomed afresh, obtained a pilot, passed the forts with ease, and returned after sacking a small province. On a dividend being declared, they parted 260,000 pieces-of-eight among the band, and spent the pillage in a revel of three weeks.

L'Olonnois 'got great repute' by this conduct, but I rejoice to add that in a raid on Nicaragua he 'miserably perished,' and met what Mr. Esquemeling calls 'his unfortunate death.' For L'Olonnois was really an ungentlemanly character. He would hack a Spaniard to pieces, tear out his heart, and 'gnaw it with his teeth like a ravenous wolf, saying to the rest, "I will serve you all alike if you show me not another way"' (to a town which he designed attacking). In Nicaragua he was taken by the Indians, who, being entirely on the Spanish side, tore him to pieces and burned him. Thus we really must not be deluded by the professions of Mr. Kingsley's sentimental buccaneer, with his pity for the 'Indian folk of old.'

Except Denis Scott, a worthy bandit in his day, Captain Henry Morgan is the first renowned British buccaneer. He was a young Welshman, who, after having been sold as a slave in Barbadoes, became a sailor of fortune. With about four hundred men he assailed Puerto Bello. 'If our number is small,' he said, 'our hearts are great,' and so he assailed the third city and place of arms which Spain then possessed in the West Indies. The entrance of the harbour was protected by two strong castles, judged as 'almost impregnable,' while Morgan had no artillery of any avail against fortresses. Morgan had the luck to capture a Spanish soldier, whom he compelled to parley with the garrison of the castle. This he stormed and blew up, massacring all its defenders, while with its guns he disarmed the sister-fortress. When all but defeated in a new assault, the sight of the English colours animated him afresh. He made the captive monks and nuns carry the scaling-[illegible]

like a Spaniard of the old school, slew many pirates with his own hand, and pistolled some of his own men for cowardice. He died at his post, refusing quarter, and [illegible]

[illegible] as a sample of the gun wherewith he took so great a city. He added that he would return and take this pistol out of Panama; nor was he less good than his word. In Cuba he divided 250,000 pieces-of-eight, and a great booty in other treasure A few weeks saw it all in the hands of the tavern-keepers and women of the place.

Morgan's next performance was a new sack of Maracaibo, now much stronger than L'Olonnois had found it. After the most appalling cruelties, not fit to be told, he returned, passing the castles at the mouth of the port by an ingenious stratagem. Running boatload after boatload of men to the land side, he brought them back by stealth, leading the garrison to expect an attack from that quarter. The guns were massed to landward and no sooner was this done than Morgan sailed up through the channel with but little loss. Why the Spaniards did not close the passage with a boom does not appear. Probably there were glad to be quit of Morgan on any terms.

A great Spanish fleet he routed by the ingenious employment of a fireship. In a later expedition a strong place was taken by a curious accident. One of the buccaneers was shot through the body with an arrow. He drew it out, wrapped it in cotton, fired it from his musket, and so set light to a roof and burned the town.

His raid on Panama was extraordinary for the endurance of his men. For days they lived on the leather of bottles and belts. 'Some, who were never out of their mothers' kitchens, may ask how these pirates could eat and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry? Whom I answer—that could they once experience what hunger, or rather famine is, they would find the way, as the pirates did.' It was at the close of this march that the Indians drove wild bulls among them; but they cared very little for these new allies of the Spaniards; beef, in any form, was only too welcome.

Morgan burned the fair cedar houses of Panama, but lost the plate ship with all the gold and silver out of the churches. How he tortured a poor wretch who chanced to wear a pair of taffety trousers belonging to his master;

with a small silver key hanging out, it is better not to repeat. The men only got two hundred pieces-of-eight each, after all their toil, for their Welshman was indeed a thief, and bilked his crews, no less than he plundered the Spaniards, without remorse. Finally, he sneaked away from the fleet with a ship or two; and it is to be feared that Captain Morgan made rather a good thing by dint of his incredible cruelty and villainy.

And so we will leave Mr. Esquemeling, whom Captain Morgan also deserted; for who would linger long when there is not even honour among thieves? Alluring as the pirate's profession is, we must not forget that it had a seamy side, and was by no means all rum and pieces-of-eight. And there is something repulsive to a generous nature in roasting men because they will not show you where to steal hogs.

ON PIRATES

RICHARD MIDDLETON: *The Day Before Yesterday*

OF the nameless classics which were of so much concer to all of us when we were young, the most importan were certainly those salt and blusterous volumes tha told of pirates. It was in vain for kindly relatives t give us books on Nelson and his like; for their craft beautiful though they might be to the eye, had eve the moralities lurking between decks, and if we me them it was only that we might make their crews wal the plank, and add new stores of guns and treasure t the crimson vessel with the sinister flag which it wa our pleasure to command.

And yet the books that gave us this splendid dominion where are they now? In truth, I cannot say. Examina tion of recent boys' books has convinced me that th old spirit is lacking, for if pirates are there, it is only a the hapless victims of horrible British crews with ever virtue save that one which youth should cherish most the revolutionary spirit. Who would be a midshipma when he might be a pirate? Yet all the books woul have it so, and even Mr. Kenneth Grahame, who know everything that is worth knowing, does not alway take the right side in such matters. The grown-up book are equally unsatisfactory to the inquiring mind *Treasure Island,* which is sometimes loosely referre to as if it were a horn-book for young pirates, hardl touches the main problems of pirate life at all. Steven

son's consideration for 'youth and the fond parient' made him leave out all oaths. No ships are taken, no lovely females captured, nobody walks the plank, and Captain John Silver, for all the maimed strength and masterfulness that Henley suggested to the author, falls lamentably short of what a pirate should be. Captain Teach, of the *Sarah* in *The Master of Ballantrae*, is better, and there were the makings of a very good pirate captain in the master himself, but this section of the book is too short to supply our requirements. The book must be all pirates. Defoe's *Captain Singleton* repents and is, therefore, disqualified, and Marryat's *Pirate* is, as Stevenson said, 'written in sand with a saltspoon.' Mr. Clarke Russell, in one of his romances, ingeniously melts a pirate who has been frozen for a couple of centuries into life, but though he promises well at first, his is but a torpid ferocity, and ends, as it began, in words. Nor are the histories of the pirates more satisfying. Captain Johnson's *History of*

year 1701. The captain of the *Adventure Galley* appears to have done little to merit the name of pirate beyond killing his gunner with a bucket, and the miserable results of his pilferings bear no relationship to the enormous hoard associated with his name in *The Gold Bug* of Poe, though there is certainly a familiar note in finding included among his captives a number of barrels of sugar-candy, which were divided in shares among the crew, the captain himself having forty shares. The Turkish pirate mentioned in *Purchas* cut a very poor figure. You can read there how four English youths overcame a prize crew of thirteen men who had

been put in the ship *Jacob*. In a storm they slew the pirate captain, for with the handle of a pump 'they gave him such a palt on the pate as made his brains forsake the possession of his head.' They then killed three of the other pirates with 'cuttle-axes,' and brought the ship safely into Spain, 'where they sold the nine Turkes for galley-slaves for a good summe of money, and as I thinke, a great deale more than they were worth.' Not thus would the chronicles have described the pirates who fought and caroused with such splendid devotion in my youth. To die beneath the handle of a pump is an unworthy end for a pirate captain. The *History of the Buccaneers of America*, written by a brother of Fanny Burney, a book which was the subject of one of Mr. Andrew Lang's appreciative essays, is nearer the mark, for among other notable fellows mentioned therein is one François L'Olonnois, who put to death the whole crew of a Spanish ship, ninety men, by beheading them, performing himself the office of executioner. One of the gentlemen in this book turned buccaneer in order to pay his debts, while it is told of another that he shot one of his crew in church for behaving irreverently during Mass. Sir Henry Morgan and Richard Sawkins performed some pretty feats of piracy, but their main energies were concerned in the sacking of towns, and the whole book suffers from an unaccountable prejudice which the author displays against the brave and hard-working villains of whom he writes.

In truth, these real pirates are disappointing men to meet. They are usually lacking in fierceness and in fidelity to the pirate ideals of courage and faithfulness to their comrades, while the fine nobility of character which was never absent from those other pirates is

unknown in the historical kind. Few, if any, of them merit the old Portuguese punishment for pirates, which consisted in hanging them from the yards of their own ship, and setting the latter to drift with the winds and waves without rudder or sails, an example for rogues and a source of considerable danger to honest mariners.

If that were a fitting end for great knaves, the meaner ruffians must be content with the pump-handle and the bucket.

It is hard if our hearts may not go out to those gloomy vessels, with their cargoes of gold and courage and rum, that sail, it seems, the mental seas of youth no more. Were they really bad for us, those sanguinary tussles [illegible] pinafore wou[illegible] though we [illegible] lessened our interest in home-made cake. But these regrets are of yesterday, and to-day I must draw what consolation I may from the kindly comment of Mr. Andrew Lang: 'Alluring as the pirate's profession is, we must not forget that it had a seamy side, and was by no means all rum and pieces-of-eight. And there is something repulsive to a generous nature in roasting men because they will not show you where to steal hogs.'

ON A DISTANT VIEW *of a* PIG

'ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH': *Leaves in the Wind*

YES, I would certainly keep a pig. The idea came to me while I was digging. I find that there is no occupation that stimulates thought more than digging if you choose your soil well. Digging in the London clay does not stimulate thought; it deadens thought. It is good exercise for the body, but it is no exercise for the mind. You can't play with your fancies as you plunge your spade into this stiff and stubborn medium. But in the light, porous soil of my garden on the chalk hills digging goes with a swing and a rhythm that set the thoughts singing like the birds. I feel I could win battles when I 'm digging, or write plays or lyrics that would stun the world, or make speeches that would stir a post to action. Ideas seem as plentiful as blackberries in the autumn, and if only I could put down the spade and capture them red-hot I feel that I could make *The Star* simply blaze with glory.

It was in one of these prolific moments that I thought of the pig. Like all great ideas there was something inevitable about it. The calculations of Le Verrier and Adams proved the existence of Neptune before that orb was discovered. They knew it was there before they found it. My pig was born without my knowledge. In the furnace of my mind he took shape merely by the friction of facts. He was a sort of pig by divine right. It happened thus. In the midst of my digging Jim Squire passing up the lane, had paused on the other side of the

hedge to discuss last night's frost. I straightened my back for a talk, and naturally we talked about potatoes. If you want to get the best out of Jim Squire you must touch him on potatoes. There are some people who find Jim an unresponsive and suspicious yokel. That is because they do not know how to draw him out. Mention

He observed that I should have a tidy few potatoes, what with the garden I was digging, *and* the piece I 'd turned over in the orchard, *and* that there bit o' waste land on the hillside which he *had* heard as I was getting Mestur Wistock to plough up for me. Yes, there 'd be a niceish lot. And he *did* hear I was going to set King Edwards and Arran Chiefs. Rare and fine potatoes they were too. He had some King Edwards last year—turned out wonderful, they did. One root he pulled up weighed 12 lb. Yes, Miss Mary weighed 'em for him in

Miss Mary come by and she said she 'd weigh 'em. And she did. And it was 12 lb. full, she said If anything she said, 'twas a shade over. *She* said as they 'd have took a prize anywhere—that 's what *she* said. . . . Well, you couldn't have too many potatoes these days. Wonderful good food they were, for man *and* pig. . . .

As he went on up the lane my spade took up that word like a refrain. At every rhythmic stroke it seemed to cry 'pig' with increasing vehemence.

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken

A pig? Why not?—and I straightened my back again. I felt that something prodigious was taking shape. My eye wandered across the orchard. There were the hives standing in a row—three of them, to be increased to twelve as fast as the expert, who has set up her carpenter's shop in the barn, can get the parts to put together. And beyond the hives three sheds—one for poultry, one for the hot-bed for mushrooms, the third—why, the very thing. . . . . Concrete the floor and it would be a very palace for a pig.

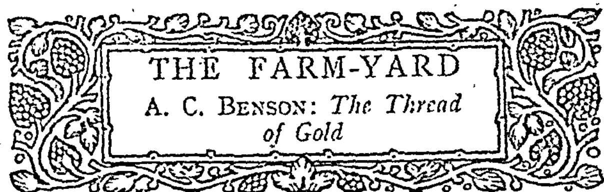
I took a turn up the garden to look this thing squarely in the face, and at the gate I saw the farmer's wife coming down the lane. We stopped, and she talked about her cows and about an order she had got from the Government to plough up more pasture, and then—as if echoing the very thought that was drumming in my head—about the litter of pigs she was expecting and of her wish to get the cottagers to keep pigs. Why, this was a very conspiracy of circumstance, thought I. It seemed as though man and events alike were engaged in a plot to make me keep a pig.

With an air of idle curiosity I encouraged the farmer's wife to talk on the thrilling theme, and she responded with enthusiasm. The pig, I found, was a grossly maligned animal. It had lain uncomplainingly under imputations that were foul slanders on its innocent and lovable character. Yes, lovable. She had had pigs who were as affectionate as any dog—pigs that followed her about in sheer friendliness. And as for the charge of filthiness, who was to blame? We gave them dirty styes and then called them dirty pigs. But the pig was a clean animal, loved cleanliness, thrived on cleanliness. It was man the dirty who kept the pig foul and then called him unclean. And what a profitable animal. She had had a

sow which had produced 108 pigs and 102 of them came to maturity. What an example to Shoreditch, I said. Perhaps they don't give them clean styes in Shoreditch, she said. No, I replied, they give them dirty styes. . . .

I went indoors, suffused with the vision of the transfigured pig, the affectionate, cleanly, intelligent pig, and took up a paper, and the first thing my eye encountered was an article on 'The Cottager's Pig.' I read it with the frenzy of a new religion and rose filled to the brim with lore about the animal to whose existence (except in the shape of bacon) I had been indifferent so long. And now, fully seized with the idea, it seemed that the world talked of nothing but pig. It was only that my ears were unstopped and my eyes unsealed by an awakened curiosity; but it seemed to me that the pig had suddenly been born into the universe, and that the air was filled with the rumour of his coming. I encountered the subject at every turn. In *The Times* I read a touching lament over the disappearance of the little black pig. Elsewhere I saw a facsimile letter from Lord Rhondda, in which he declared his loyalty to the pig and denied that he had ever spoken evil of him. [illegible] patriotic duty to keep a pig. He was an ally [illegible] had started all his cottagers [illegible] By nightfall I could have held my own without shame or discredit in any company of pig dealers, and in my dreams I saw the great globe itself resting on the back, not of an elephant, but of a pig with a beautiful curly tail.

Later: I have ordered the pig.



THE FARM-YARD

A. C. Benson: *The Thread of Gold*

There is a big farm-yard close to the house where I am staying just now; it is a constant pleasure, as I pass that way, to stop and watch the manners and customs of the beasts and birds that inhabit it; I am ashamed to think how much time I spend in hanging over a gate, to watch the little dramas of the byre. I am not sure that pigs are an altogether satisfactory subject of contemplation. They always seem to me like a fallen race that has seen better days. They are able, intellectual, inquisitive creatures. When they are driven from place to place, they are not gentle or meek, like cows and sheep, who follow the line of least resistance. The pig is suspicious and cautious; he is sure that there is some uncomfortable plot on foot, not wholly for his good, which he must try to thwart if he can. Then, too, he never seems quite at home in his deplorably filthy surroundings; he looks at you, up to the knees in ooze, out of his little eyes, as if he would live in a more cleanly way, if he were permitted. Pigs always remind me of the mariners of Homer, who were transformed by Circe; there is a dreadful humanity about them, as if they were trying to endure their base conditions philosophically, waiting for their release.

But cows bring a deep tranquillity into the spirit; their glossy skins, their fragrant breath, their contented ease, their mild gaze, their Epicurean rumination tend

to restore the balance of the mind, and make one feel that vegetarianism must be a desirable thing. There is the dignity of innocence about the cow, and I often wish that she did not bear so poor a name, a word so unsuitable for poetry; it is lamentable that one has to take refuge in the archaism of *kine*, when the thing itself is so gentle and pleasant.

But the true joy of the farm-yard is, undoubtedly, in the domestic fowls It is long since I was frightened of turkeys; but I confess that there is still something awe-inspiring about an old turkey-cock, with a proud and angry eye, holding his breath till his wattles are bl[illegible]

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cock is an incredibly grotesque creature. His furious eye, his blood-red crest, make him look as if he were seeking whom he might devour. But he is the most craven of creatures. In spite of his air of just anger, he has no dignity whatever To hear him raise his voice, you would think that he was challenging the whole world to combat. He screams defiance, and when he has done, he looks round with an air of satisfaction. 'There! that is what you have to expect if you interfere with me!' he seems to say. But an alarm is given, the poultry seek refuge in a hurried flight. Where is the champion? You would expect to see him guarding the rear, menacing his pursuer; but no, he has headed the flight, he is far away, leading the van with a desperate intentness.

This morning I was watching the behaviour of a

party of fowls, who were sitting together on a dusty ledge above the road, sheltering from the wind. I do not know whether they meant to be as humorous as they were, but I can hardly think they were not amused at each other. They stood and lay very close together, with fierce glances, and quick, jerky motions of the head. Now and then one, tired of inaction, raised a deliberate claw, bowed its head, scratched with incredible rapidity, shook its tumbled feathers, and looked round with angry self-consciousness, as though to say: 'I will ask any one to think me absurd at his peril.' Now and then one of them kicked diligently at the soil, and then, turning round, scrutinized the place intently, and picked delicately at some minute object. One examined the neck of her neighbour with a fixed stare, and then pecked the spot sharply. One settled down on the dust, and gave a few vigorous strokes with her legs to make herself more comfortable. Occasionally they all crooned and wailed together, and at the passing of a cart all stood up defiantly, as if intending to hold their fort at all hazards. Presently a woman came out of a house-door opposite, at which the whole party ran furiously and breathlessly across the road, as if their lives depended upon arriving in time. There was not a gesture or a motion that was not admirably conceived, intensely dramatic.

Again, what is more delightfully absurd than to see a hen find a large morsel which she cannot deal with at one gulp? She has no sense of diplomacy or cunning; her friends, attracted by her motions, close in about her; she picks up the treasured provender, she runs, bewildered with anxiety, till she has distanced her pursuers; she puts the object down and takes a couple of desperate pecks; but her kin are at her heels; another flight

follows, another wild attempt; for half an hour the same tactics are pursued. At last she is at bay; she makes one prodigious effort, and gets the treasure down with a convulsive swallow; you see her neck bulge with the moving object; while she looks at her baffled companions with an air of meek triumph.

Ducks, too, afford many simple joys to the contemplative mind. A slow procession of white ducks, walking delicately, with heads lifted high and timid eyes, in a long line, has the air of an ecclesiastical procession. The singers go before, the minstrels follow after. There is something liturgical, too, in the way in which, as if by a preconcerted signal, they all cry out together, standing in a group, with a burst of hoarse cheering, cut off suddenly by an intolerable silence. The arrival of ducks upon the scene, when the fowls are fed, is an impressive sight. They stamp wildly over the pasture, falling, stumbling, rising again, arrive on the scene with a desperate intentness and eat as though they had not seen food for months.

The pleasure of these farm-yard sights is twofold. It is partly the sense of grave, unconscious importance about the whole business, serious lives lived with such wholehearted zeal. There is no sense of divided endeavour; the discovery of food is the one thing in the world, and the sense of repletion is also the sense of virtue. But there is something pathetic, too, about the taming to our own ends of these forest beasts, these woodland birds; they are so unconscious of the sad reasons for which we desire their company, so unsuspicious, so serene! Instead of learning by the sorrowful experience of generations what our dark purposes are, they become more and more fraternal, more and more dependent. And yet how little we really know what their thoughts

are. They are so unintelligent in some regions, so subtly wise in others. We cannot share our thoughts with them; we cannot explain anything to them. We can sympathize with them in their troubles, but cannot convey our sympathy to them. There is a little bantam hen here, a great pet, who comes up to the front door with the other bantams to be fed. She has been suffering for some time from an obscure illness. She arrives with the others, full of excitement, and begins to pick at the grain thrown them; but the effort soon exhausts her; she goes sadly apart, and sits with dim eye and ruffled plumage, in silent suffering, wondering, perhaps, why she is not as brisk and joyful as ever, what is the sad thing that has befallen her. And one can do nothing, express nothing of the pathetic sorrow that fills one's mind. But, none the less, one tries to believe, to feel, that this suffering is not fortuitous, is not wasted—how could one endure the thought otherwise, if one did not hope that 'the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God'!

ON TRAVEL BY TRAIN

J. B. PRIESTLEY: *Papers from Lilliput*

REMOVE an Englishman from his hearth and home, his centre of corporal life, and he becomes a very different creature, one capable of sudden furies and roaring passions, a deep sea of strong emotions churning beneath his frozen exterior. I can pass, at all times, for a quiet,

would quake to look on.'

There is one type of traveller that never fails to rouse my quick hatred. She is a large, middle-aged woman, with a rasping voice and a face of brass Above all things, she loves to invade smoking compartments that are already comfortably filled with a quiet company of smokers; she will come bustling in, shouting over her shoulder at her last victim, a prostrate porter, and, laden with packages of all maddening shapes and sizes, she will glare defiantly about her until some unfortunate has given up his seat. She is often accompanied by some sort of contemptible, whining cur that is only one degree less offensive than its mistress. From the moment that she has wedged herself in there will be no more peace in the carriage, but simmering hatred, and everywhere dark looks and muttered threats. But

every one knows her. Courtesy and modesty perished in the world of travel on the day when she took her first journey; but it will not be long before she is in hourly danger of extinction, for there are strong men in our midst.

There are other types of railway travellers, not so offensive as the above, which combines all the bad qualities, but still annoying in a varying degree to most of us; and of these others I will enumerate one or two of the commonest. First, there are those who, when they would go on a journey, take all their odd chattels and household utensils and parcel them up in brown paper, disdaining such things as boxes and trunks; furthermore, when such eccentrics have loaded themselves up with queer-shaped packages they will cast about for baskets of fruit and bunches of flowers to add to their own and other people's misery. Then there are the simple folks who are for ever eating and drinking in railway carriages. No sooner are they settled in their seats but they are passing each other tattered sandwiches and mournful scraps of pastry, and talking with their mouths full, and scattering crumbs over the trousers of fastidious old gentlemen. Sometimes they will peel and eat bananas with such rapidity that nervous onlookers are compelled to seek another compartment.

Some children do not make good travelling companions, for they will do nothing but whimper and howl throughout a journey, or they will spend all their time daubing their faces with chocolate or trying to climb out of the window. And the cranks are always with us; on the bleakest day, they it is who insist on all the windows being open, but in the sultriest season they go about in mortal fear

of draughts, and will not allow a window to be touched.

More to my taste are the innocents who always find themselves in the wrong train. They have not the understanding necessary to fathom the time-tables, nor will they ask the railway officials for advice, so they climb into the first train that comes, and trust to luck. When they are being hurtled towards Edinburgh, they will suddenly look round the carriage and ask, with a mild touch of pathos, if they are in the right train for Bristol. And then, puzzled and disillusioned, they have

probability that they may be shot from station to station, line to line, until there is nothing mortal left of them.

Above all other railway travellers, I envy the mighty sleepers, descendants of the Seven of Ephesus. How often, on a long, uninteresting journey, have I envied their sweet oblivion With Lethe at their command, no dull, empty train journey, by day or night, has any terrors for them Knowing the length of time they *have to spend in the train, they compose themselves* and are off to sleep in a moment, probably enjoying the gorgeous adventures of dream while the rest of us

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ation they stir,

their baggage,

and, peering out of the window, murmur 'My station, I think.' A moment later they go out, alert and refreshed, Lords of Travel, leaving us to our boredom

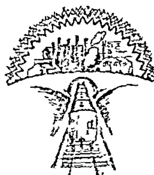
Seafaring men make good companions on a railway journey. They are always ready for a pipe and a crac'

with any man, and there is usually some entertaining matter in their talk. But they are not often met with away from the coast towns. Nor do we often come across the confidential stranger in an English railway carriage, though his company is inevitable on the Continent, and, I believe, in America. When the confidential stranger does make an appearance here, he is usually a very dull dog, who compels us to yawn through the interminable story of his life, and rides some wretched old hobby-horse to death.

There is one more type of traveller that must be mentioned here, if only for the guidance of the young and simple. He is usually an elderly man, neatly dressed, but a little tobacco-stained, always seated in a corner, and he opens the conversation by pulling out a gold hunter and remarking that the train is at least three minutes behind time. Then, with the slightest encouragement, he will begin to talk, and his talk will be all of trains. As some men discuss their acquaintances, or others speak of violins or roses, so he talks of trains, their history, their quality, their destiny. All his days and nights seem to have been passed in railway carriages, all his reading seems to have been in time-tables. He will tell you of the 12.35 from this place and the 3.49 from the other place, and how the 10.18 ran from So-and-So to So-and-So in such a time, and how the 8.26 was taken off and the 5.10 was put on; and the greatness of his subject moves him to eloquence, and there is passion and mastery in his voice, now wailing over a missed connection or a departed hero of trains, now exultantly proclaiming the glories of a non-stop express or a wonderful run to time. However dead you were to the passion, the splendour, the pathos, in this matter of trains, before he has done with you you will

be ready to weep over the 7.37 and cry out in ecstasy at the sight of the 2.52.

Beware of the elderly man who sits in the corner of the carriage and says that the train is two minutes behind time, for he is the Ancient Mariner of railway travellers, and will hold you with his glittering eye.



MOTORING AT NIGHT

Dixon Scott: *A Number of Things*

Of motoring after nightfall there are manifestly two main kinds. On the one hand, there is motoring by moonlight; on the other, there is motoring on nights of cloud or of undisputed stars. For my own part, I much prefer the latter. The risk is perhaps slightly greater. But if you are content with a tactful fifteen miles an hour, and if your car glares at the world through a pair of fierce acetylene eyes, you can really pick your way about a world that has been wonderfully drained of all traffic with almost as much composure as though you were on the Brighton Road at broad noon. But you must have those piercing head-lights, for it is on them that your pleasure will depend as well as your mere safety. Without them you would remain in the familiar region of the footmen. With them you instantly leap into a kingdom no mere pedestrian ever penetrated. Everything those basilisk eyes rest upon is suddenly painted white; wherever they peer a frozen shape congeals out of the void; and the result is that you seem to enter the night by another gateway and scud through an unexplored series of nocturnal corridors. You may have slept with Stevenson *à la belle étoile*; you may have spent a lifetime studying the moods of the darkness afoot; but will find you are surveying a wholly unknown land when you range the stillness for the first time in a car.

The transformation begins with the very road. The vaguely glimmering track, along which the pedestrian softly fumbles, suddenly stiffens out into a harsh,

blanched beam—a spectral gang-plank thrust out into the emptiness. The motorist's road is never mere dead *macadam; by daylight, for instance, it leaps towards* him like a twitching tide, a white lasso uncoiling as it comes. But at night its direction is reversed. It moves with you, seems a part of your machine; you seem to make it as you go. It is a desperate bridge across the

sometimes it seems as though they had failed to keep pace. The plank breaks off abruptly. You race to the ragged end of it—hang poised on the verge of the pit. And then just as you begin dreadfully to dip, the shaft leaps out once more, catches you neatly, and the convulsive improvisations recommence The car has simply topped a little rise. As it gained the summit the lights, still canting upwards, searched the empty sky and left the down-grade unillumined. That was all And yet, *though the consequent sudden snapping short of* your visible track is probably the most familiar of the night-motorist's sensations, it is odd how long it takes to get quite habituated to it, and how deep an effect that little thrill has on the mood in which you drive

And when you have got accustomed to it there are any number of other thrills to take its place. You run for a time between hedgerows—and every dim bush seems to burst into a piece of branching coral; you might be sitting in a submarine. The hedges are followed by trees, by a long-drawn avenue, the boughs meeting overhead; and now, with the light from your lamps shattering against a complete arc of obstacles, your plank across space is suddenly converted into a snow-white tunnel boring through it. Of all that exists outside

that frozen circle you are as unaware as a traveller in a London tube. Straight trunks and spreading branches become as unthinkable to you as the overhead traffic is to him. You live in a circular world, in the centre of a leprous wreath. Oaks, elms, and beeches all part with their identity and submit to be woven into this haunting hoop—as white as a hoop of hawthorn. It always seems the same wreath. It quivers and fluctuates, making a weak rustle as it shivers; but it never falls back. With nothing to measure your pace by, all sense of motion disappears. You seem to sit in a kind of numb trance with nothing but the drone of your engine and the whisper of this mesmeric arch. Perhaps you are not altogether unrelieved when it is wrenched aside and tossed behind, and you are out on your naked gang-plank once more with the stars tumbling and twirling overhead.

But before you finally desert the woodlands there is one other experience that must on no account be missed. The place of places for it, in England, is the New Forest —that strange double kingdom where you can plunge beneath the bright skin of the earth and dart to and fro in the dim quiet as though wandering about a vast sea-floor. By daylight it is odd enough, but in the darkness it is as fantastic as a fairy-tale. High above your head you can hear the night wind churning the green surf; but all about you is nothing but an ivory stillness, the hushed white coral and continuously chalky caves. Stealing down these corridors you detect low archways cut in the fretted wall. They are the entrances to the narrower rides that dip still more deeply into the secret places of the woods. Shutting down your speed to a crawl, you slip through one of these wickets. It fulfils its promise. For now, in this narrower way, the trees

and branches crowd closely about you, and albescent shapes leap up in your very path. Blanched limbs twist and vanish. There is a constant coming and going, a peeping and withdrawing. The stillness seems full of a spectral tumult and stir. And to this there is added a queer trooping and flashing of colours—tense, feverish colours, like those one sees in a dream. The acetylene glare at this close range conjures the strangest effects. Primroses come out sharp and bright, like flowers made of precious stones or enamels Lichen has a snakish lustre. The fallen leaves are as bright as blood. You creep along this crimson trail, and the jewels are thrust at you out of the emptiness. You come to a glade, and the shapes withdraw. You stop your engine, there are sighs and rumours; it seems as though something had but that instant escaped. The eyes of the car rove round the walls of the glade, and wherever they peer great arches, white as marble, are silently born in the blackness. And sometimes, perhaps, they alight on a little rabbit transfixed by the stare, and the sight of this pale, still ghost of something you have always figured as specially nimble and warm and soft seems perfectly to complete the sense of sheer enchantment.

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the [illegible]. There is none of those blanched abrupt births The world is wider—a less partial lamp than yours expounds the pale beauty of the fields and spreads a moth-coloured carpet beneath the feet of the night. And as a result of the consequent release, the slackening of the optical tension, the other senses, I have noticed, acquire a new freshness and freedom. One grows peculiarly conscious, for example,

of all the wayward night odours that slip out into the silver air at the summons of the dew.

The best type of country for moonlight work is open landscape with low ridges sustaining the roads, like some of the hill-spines near the Cotswolds, or those lean ribs and promontories that creep through the levels of the Midland hunting shires. This make of ground is good for many reasons—but chiefly because it gives you a pleasure impossible among actual mountains, or in densely wooded country, or in land of unrelieved flatness; the singular pleasure, namely, of surveying a vast expanse of silent country when it lies below you dead asleep. The moon is like a lanthorn held above the face of the sleeper; and by its light you can see, far and near, the little hamlets cuddling unconsciously round their brooding spires; and a town or two, maybe, and unsuspected farms in sly recesses, seeming now to show a light, and now to hide it; and the soft, small thread of brightness, quivering through the stillness, which is the midnight mail to the North. There is something strangely moving in the spectacle. It is as though you had caught the country unawares—and had found it much simpler and more innocent than you knew. And it is a realization reserved for the motorist. Some part of it may be gained by the pedestrian, but not the best of it. He cannot taste the very essence of the situation—that sense of almost god-like detachment. He cannot sweep easily from point to point, with the calm surveillance of a bird. He is part of the landscape, bound up with its dreams; and we all know how the cold moon-stuff seems actually to clog the limbs of the walker as though it were really a web. It is an odd fact, too, that the very noise of one's car helps to complete the effect of aloofness. Footsteps bruise the face of the night, clumsily

soiling the silence. But the drumming of your engine simply serves to cut you off the more completely from the dreaming earth. You seem to sway suspended in a net of sound.

Your ride is over—you head once more for home—but even now your car has yet another secret to disclose. It is, perhaps, the most precious of all. For to race through the silver silence towards the upcast glow of a city is to perceive, as one has never done before, the true relation of that distant congeries to the empty spaces all about. The townsman's modern passion for the country is a splendid and a wholesome thing; but perhaps it warps certain deeper ideals, blurring the town's true purport, printing it on the mind as a sad and smoky stain. There is nothing like a night-ride home in a car to reform that strained conception The distant glow seems the glow of a hearth, it is as a place of light and laughter and companionship, as a snug refuge from the aching fields, that the city is once more imaged in the mind.

No other manner of approach, unless by ship from the other darkness of the sea, can give you nowadays this reassuring and inestimable thrill. The pedestrian may see the glow from afar—but the straggling suburbs spoil his vision long before he gains the city's heart; and to travel by train is to be flung into the centre without having been once aware of that hospitable beacon and sign. It sounds odd, no doubt, but it is certainly true, that it is only in a swift modern car that one can regain the old medieval temper, and see the town once more as the traveller in old days would see it—a kind of courageous citadel, a gallant outpost, the appointed rallying-place for beauty and romance.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SPORT

A. St. John Adcock: *Modern Grub Street*

Shakespeare knew most things, but he made a good many mistakes. I dare say he felt he was saying a deep thing when he asked lightly, 'What 's in a name?' for example, but he did not know how to spell his own, and one result of his doing it with an x is that very learned people assume he was ignorant, and that Bacon (who is known to have been to school, and was never so careless as to spell his name with a k) must have written his plays for him.

If Shakespeare had thought twice he would have known that there is generally more in the name than there is in the thing itself. Call trade sport, and give gold cups and championship belts to the man who sells the largest number of shirts or neckties over the counter, and business would become a pastime at once. On the other hand, if sport had been named business, and the players received a trade-union rate of wages, many an enthusiastic sportsman would realize that he is working too hard, and go away for a rest-cure.

No doubt it is my misfortune, and I ought to be ashamed of myself and I expect I shall be, one of these days; but somehow, if I could not get in free, or pay at a gate, to see others do my sporting for me, I would sooner not have any. Every spring and summer I read those scathing observations in the newspapers about degenerate people who lounge around looking on at cricket matches; and during the rest of the year I read

the other and equally scathing letters and articles about spectators at football matches, and I confess I can't understand them. I am beginning to suspect that they are intended to be humorous—all that sort of writing is a manifestation of a newer new humour, and as soon as we get used to it and are able to see the joke, I am hoping it will make us laugh quite heartily.

Mind you, I do not dislike cricket, far from it. I enjoy the reports in the papers; I am proud when England hits the ball triumphantly and beats Australia, I am

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placard that one of the bowlers has done the hat-trick, because, though I don't know what it means, it sounds

and keep two sets of cricketers of my own, instead of a gramophone or a pianola.

I was chatting with a professional cricketer the other day and he complained that he felt absolutely done up before the end of the season; and he assured me that his was a terribly hard job and he fully anticipated that he would be worn out and too old at forty. And what else could any one expect? I have frequently thought, watching the fielders standing about on the grass, if they happened to be clerks

seats of some sort; and there really is no reason why a cricketer in the field should not have a chair or a camp-

stool and be allowed to sit down while he is waiting until the ball is knocked in his direction.

Even the umpire is kept on his legs all the time. He might just as well be swinging comfortably near by in a hammock, with opera-glasses, or curled up out of the way on a rug behind the wickets. I strongly object to working when I am only playing, but cricketers don't; and as a consequence they are played out and done up before they reach middle age, journalists refer to them as veteran players, and they have to have a benefit match and retire; and whilst you are still wondering whether they have died at forty odd under the impression that they were old men, you come across them spending the evening of their days in teaching boys how to play, or wrapped up in flannel and being wheeled about in Bath chairs at a health resort. It takes sixty years of what is known as hard work to reduce most of us to such a condition as that.

'Why do you do it?' I asked that cricketer who complained to me. 'If you must play, what 's the matter with draughts, or noughts and crosses? They are entertaining and don't call for any over-exertion. If there is something in the style of cricket that attracts you, why not adopt carpet-beating as your profession?' I argued. 'It has the advantage of being useful; you might have the stick shaped like a bat, if that would seem more satisfactory to you, and you would only have to stand and hit hard and it would be like standing at the wickets flogging the ball and getting boundaries continuously. At the same time, you would be cleaning the carpet.'

I did not pursue the point; he did not see eye to eye with me and began to say things that I do not think any man ought to say out loud. He declared, in effect,

that I was no sportsman; and I suppose he may have been right.

even if the dogs catch it for them there won't be a mouthful each to go round, I wonder why they did not stop cosily at home and send the girl out for a tinned lobster or half a pound of ham Take the case of my doctor, too. He spends his leisure lurking about and getting hot and dirty in some woods near where I live, because he likes to play at shooting rabbits; but I must say he seems to share my objection to making a labour of his sport. He overtook me on the road one afternoon and urged me, as a friend, and yet rather resentfully, not to allow my two dogs to be out of doors by themselves He said that on several occasions lately they had gone into the woods and roused and scattered the game there. I apologized for them, but remarked that I imagined most sportsmen would be pleased to have them do this, since it would keep the birds and animals on the move and make it harder and more exciting to catch or shoot them, but I gathered from his words and manner that I was under a misapprehension, and it gratified me to find a lover of sport after my own heart.

'You 're like me, I see, you prefer to have your sport made easy,' I said. 'You don't want to have the game kept running about so that you have actually to hunt after it and get into a perspiration. You would sooner have the rabbit sit perfectly still and not notice you till you were close enough to put your gun to its ear and blow its head off.'

And I proceeded to lay before him an easier and less troublesome way even than that I advised him to bring

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that I was no sportsman; and I suppose he may have been right

When I see twenty or thirty grown-up persons, with a large pack of dogs, riding eagerly and at the risk of their necks, all after one small fox, and when I reflect that even if the dogs catch it for them there won't be a mouthful each to go round, I wonder why they did not stop

to play at shooting rabbits; but I must say he seems to share my objection to making a labour of his sport. He overtook me on the road one afternoon and urged me, as a friend, and yet rather resentfully, not to allow my two dogs to be out of doors by themselves. He said that on several occasions lately they had gone into the woods and roused and scattered the game there. I

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And I proceeded to lay before him an easier and less troublesome way even than that. I advised him to bring

his man out with him, and let his man run after the rabbit and catch it with a piece of string that had a slip-knot on it; then he could make it sit up and hold it quite still while his master shot at it. But though we apparently held a common opinion that sport ought not to be rendered difficult, he did not receive my suggestions courteously. He received them so discourteously, in fact, that as I was not certain whether his gun was loaded I did not stop to hear all he had to say.

It seems just as absurd to me that a man should worry and fag at boating when he can take a penny steamer, where they keep a paid staff downstairs among the machinery doing all the work and leaving him free to have all the enjoyment; and I should not care to play golf unless after every stroke I could get into a bus or tram and be carried round after the ball. The only easy sport that has been invented so far is, I believe, fishing, and that does not tempt me. Judging from observation, I should say it is too tediously tame. It does not look to me to be so exciting even as knitting, or darning socks.

There is a river at no great distance from my house, and a canal close to the river, and people are always to be found fishing in both. I have seen the same men in the same places Sunday after Sunday, looking as if they had not been home all the week and were feeling hungry. I used to try to be friendly with them, and would nod cheerfully and ask if they had caught anything, but they usually resented my inquiry with such menacing glances that I had to give it up. Now, I merely pause, in passing, to scrutinize the grass round where they are standing or sitting, but there is hardly ever anything to be seen there except empty fishing tins and

large nets; and occasionally, if they happen to turn their heads and detect my curiosity, they meet my sympathetic gaze so coldly that I think it may be wiser if I give this up also.

Probably they find my attention rather aggravating, but why they continue to go on like that I don't know. I am sure they wouldn't if it had not been named sport. Why, many a man like them has, to my knowledge, gone a two-shilling railway journey, bought a shilling fishing-ticket, and sat all day on the banks of a lake or river, playing with a five-shilling rod and eighteen-penn'orth of bait, and then come home late at night, tired and wet through, without so much as a tiddler for his money; whereas he could have procured what he wanted for sixpence, without any trouble at all, by simply sending somebody round the corner to the fishmonger's.



REVERIE OF A SPORTSMAN

JOHN GALSWORTHY: *Caravan*

I SET out one morning in late August, with some potted grouse sandwiches in one pocket and a magazine in the other, for a tramp toward Causdon. I had not been in that particular part of the moor since I used to go snipe-shooting there as a boy—my first introduction, by the way, to sport. It was a very lovely day, almost too hot; and I never saw the carpet of the moor more exquisite—heather, fern, the silvery-white cotton grass, dark peat turves, and green bog-moss, all more than customarily clear in hue under a very blue sky. I walked till two o'clock, then sat down in a little scoop of valley by a thread of stream, which took its rise from an awkward-looking bog at the top. It was wonderfully quiet. A heron rose below me and flapped away; and while I was eating my potted grouse I heard the harsh cheep of a snipe, and caught sight of the twisting bird vanishing against the line of sky above the bog. 'That must have been one of the bogs we used to shoot,' I thought; and having finished my snack of lunch, I rolled myself a cigarette, opened the magazine, and idly turned its pages. I had no serious intention of reading—the calm and silence were too seductive, but my attention became riveted by an exciting story of some man-eating lions, and I read on till I had followed the adventure to the death of the two ferocious brutes, and found my cigarette actually burning my fingers. Crushing it out against the dampish roots of the heather, I lay back with my eyes fixed on the sky, thinking of nothing.

Suddenly I became conscious that between me and that sky a leash of snipe high up were flighting and twisting and gradually coming lower, I appeared, indeed, to have a sort of attraction for them. They would dash toward each other, seem to exchange ideas, and rush away again, like flies that waltz together for hours in the centre of a room As they came lower and lower over me I could almost swear I heard them whisper to each other with their long bills, and presently I absolutely caught what they were saying 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Amazed at such an extraordinary violation of all the

[illegible]

a heathery knob within twenty yards of where I lay. Now, I knew very well that all efforts to introduce grouse on Dartmoor have been quite unsuccessful, since for some reason connected with the quality of the heather, the nature of the soil, or the over-mild damp-

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at him! Go back! The ferocious brute! Go back!' He seemed to be speaking to something just below; and there, sure enough, was the first hare I had ever seen out on the full of the moor. I have always thought a hare a jolly beast, and not infrequently felt sorry when I rolled one over; it has a way of crying like a child if not killed outright. I confess then that in hearing it, too, whisper: 'Look at him' The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' I experienced the sensation that comes over one when one has not been quite fairly treated Just at that moment, with a warm stirring of

the air, there pitched within six yards of me a magnificent old black-cock—the very spit of that splendid fellow I shot last season at Balnagie, whose tail my wife now wears in her hat. He was accompanied by four grey-hens, who, settling in a semicircle, began at once: 'Look at him! Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' At that moment I say with candour that I regretted the many times I have spared grey-hens with the sportsmanlike desire to encourage their breed.

For several bewildered minutes after that I could not turn my eyes without seeing some bird or other alight close by me: more and more grouse, and black game, pheasants, partridges—not only the excellent English bird, but the very sporting Hungarian variety—and that unsatisfactory red-legged Frenchman which runs any distance rather than get up and give you a decent shot at him. There were woodcock too, those twisting delights of the sportsman's heart, whose tiny wing-feather trophies have always given me a distinct sensation of achievement when pinned in the side of my shooting-cap; wood-pigeons too, very shy and difficult, owing to the thickness of their breast-feathers—and, after all, only coming under the heading 'sundry'; wild duck, with their snaky dark heads, that I have shot chiefly in Canada, lurking among rushes in twilight at flighting time—a delightful sport, exciting, as the darkness grows; excellent eating too, with red pepper and sliced oranges in oil! Certain other sundries kept coming also: landrails, a plump, delicious little bird; green and golden plover; even one of those queer little creatures, moorhens, that always amuse one by their quick, quiet movements, plaintive note, and quaint curiosity, though not really, of course, fit to shoot, with their niggling flight and fishy flavour. Ptarmigan, too,

a bird I admire very much, but have only once or twice succeeded in bringing down, shy and scarce as it is in Scotland. And, side by side, the alpha and omega of the birds to be shot in these islands, a capercailzie and a quail. I well remember shooting the latter in a turnip-field in Lincolnshire—a scrap of a bird, the only one I ever saw in England. Apart from the pleasurable sensation at its rarity, I recollect feeling that it was almost a mercy to put the little thing out of its loneliness. It ate very well. There, too, was that loon or northern diver that I shot with a rifle off Denman Island as it swam about fifty yards from the shore. Handsome plumage, I still have the mat it made. One bird only seemed to refuse to alight, remaining up there in the sky, and uttering continually that trilling cry which makes it perhaps the most spiritual of all birds that can be eaten—I mean, of course, the curlew I certainly never shot one They fly, as a rule, very high and seem to have a more than natural distrust of the human being. This curlew—ah! and a blue rock (I have always despised pigeon-shooting)—were the only two winged creatures that one can shoot for sport in this country that did not come and sit round me.

There must have been, I should say, as many hundred altogether as I have killed in my time—a tremendous number. They sat in a sort of ring, moving their beaks from side to side, just as I have seen penguins doing on the films that explorers bring back from the Antarctic; and all the time repeating to each other those amazing words: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute' Oh, look at him!'

Then, to my increased astonishment, I saw behind the circles of the birds a number of other animals besides the hare. At least five kinds of deer—the red, the fallow,

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There must have been, I should say, as many hundred altogether as I have killed in my time—a tremendous number. They sat in a sort of ring, moving their beaks from side to side, just as I have seen penguins doing on the films that explorers bring back from the Antarctic; and all the time repeating to each other those amazing words: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Then, to my increased astonishment, I saw behind the circles of the birds a number of other animals besides the hare. At least five kinds of deer—the red, the fallow,

the roe, the common deer, whose name I 've forgotten, which one finds in Vancouver Island, and the South African springbok, that swarm in from the Karoo at certain seasons, among which I had that happy week once in Namaqualand, shooting them from horseback after a gallop to cut them off—very good eating as camp fare goes, and making nice rugs if you sew their skins together. There, too, was the hyena I missed, probably not altogether; but he got off, to my chagrin—queer-looking brute! Rabbits of course had come—hundreds and hundreds of them. If—like everybody else—I 've done such a lot of it, I can't honestly say I 've ever cared much for shooting rabbits, though the effect is neat enough when you get them just right and they turn head over heels—and anyway, the prolific little brutes have to be kept down. There, too, actually was my wild ostrich—the one I galloped so hard after, letting off my Winchester at half a mile, only to see him vanish over the horizon. Next him was the bear whose lair I came across at the Nanaimo Lakes. How I did lurk about to get that fellow! And, by Jove! close to him, two cougars. I never got a shot at them, never even saw one of the brutes all the time I was camping in Vancouver Island, where they lie flat along the branches over your head, waiting to get a chance at deer, sheep, dog, pig, or anything handy. But they had come now sure enough, glaring at me with their greenish cats' eyes—powerful-looking creatures! And next them sat a little meerkat —not much larger than a weasel—without its head! Ah yes!—that trial shot, as we trekked out from Rous' farm, and I wanted to try the little new rifle I had borrowed. It was sitting over its hole fully seventy yards from the wagon, quite unconscious of danger. I just took aim and pulled; and there it was, without its

head, fallen across its hole. I remember well how pleased our 'boys' were. And I too! Not a bad little rifle, that!

Outside the ring of beasts I could see foxes moving, not mixing with the stationary creatures, as if afraid of suggesting that I had shot them, instead of being present at their deaths in the proper fashion. One, quite a cub, kept limping round on three legs—the one, no doubt, whose pad was given me, out cubbing, as a boy. I put that wretched pad in my hat-box, and forgot it, so that I was compelled to throw the whole stinking show away. There was quite a lot of grown foxes; it certainly showed delicacy on their part, not sitting down with the others. There was really a tremendous crowd of creatures altogether by this time! I should think every beast and bird I ever shot, or even had a chance of killing, must have been there, and all whispering: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Animal lover, as every true sportsman is, those words hurt me. If there is one thing on which we sportsmen pride ourselves, and legitimately, it is a humane feeling toward all furred and feathered creatures—and, as every one knows, we are foremost in all efforts to diminish their unnecessary sufferings.

The corroboree about me which they were obviously holding became, as I grew used to their manner of talking, increasingly audible But it was the quail's words that I first distinguished.

'He certainly ate me,' he said, 'said I was good, too!'

'I do not believe'—this was the first hare speaking —'that he shot me for that reason; he did shoot me, and I was jugged, but he wouldn't touch me. And the same day he shot eleven brace of partridges, didn't he?' Twenty-two partridges assented. 'And he only

ate two of you all told—that proves he didn't want us for food.'

The hare's words had given me relief, for I somehow disliked intensely the gluttonous notion conveyed by the quail that I shot merely in order to devour the result. Any one with the faintest instincts of a sportsman will bear me out in this.

When the hare had spoken there was a murmur all round. I could not at first make out its significance, till I heard one of the cougars say: 'We kill only when we want to eat'; and the bear, who, I noticed, was a lady, added: 'No bear kills anything she cannot devour'; and, quite clear, I caught the quacking words of a wild duck: 'We eat every worm we catch, and we 'd eat more if we could get them.'

Then again from the whole throng came that shivering whisper: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

In spite of their numbers, they seemed afraid of me, seemed actually to hold me in a kind of horror—me, an animal lover, and without a gun! I felt it bitterly. 'How is it,' I thought, 'that not one of them seems to have an inkling of what it means to be a sportsman, not one of them seems to comprehend the instinct which makes one love sport just for the—er—danger of it?' The hare spoke again.

'Foxes,' it murmured, 'kill for the love of killing. Man is a kind of fox.' A violent dissent at once rose from the foxes, till one of them, who seemed the eldest, said: 'We certainly kill as much as we can, but we should always carry it all off and eat it if man gave us time—the ferocious brutes!' You cannot expect much of foxes, but it struck me as especially foxy that he should put the wanton character of his destructiveness off on

man, especially when he must have known how carefully we preserve the fox, in the best interests of sport. A pheasant ejaculated shrilly: 'He killed sixty of us one day to his own gun, and went off that same evening without eating even a wing!' And again came the shivering whisper 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' It was too absurd! As if they could not realize that a sportsman shoots almost entirely for the mouths of others! But I checked myself, remembering that altruism is a purely human attribute. 'They get a big price for us!' said a woodcock, 'especially if they shoot us early. *I* fetched several shillings' Really, the ignorance of these birds! As if modern sportsmen knew anything of what happens after a day's shooting! All that is left to the butler and the keeper. Beaters, of course, and cartridges must be paid for, to say nothing of the sin of waste 'I would not think them so much worse than foxes,' said a rabbit, 'if they didn't often hurt you, so that you take hours dying. I was seven hours dying in great agony, and one of my brothers was twelve. Weren't you, brother?' A second rabbit nodded. 'But perhaps that 's better than trapping,' he said. 'Remember mother!' 'Ah!' a partridge muttered, 'foxes at all events do bite your head off clean. But men often break your wing, or your leg, and leave you!' And again that shivering whisper rose: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

By this time the whole thing was so getting on my nerves that if I could have risen I should have rushed at them, but a weight as of lead seemed to bind me to the ground, and all I could do was to thank God that they did not seem to know of my condition, for, though *there* were no man-eaters among them, I could not tell

what they might do if they realized that I was helpless—the sentiments of chivalry and generosity being confined to man, as we all know.

'Yes,' said the capercailzie slowly, 'I am a shy bird, and was often shot at before this one got me; and though I 'm strong, my size is so against me that I always took a pellet or two away with me; and what can you do then? Those ferocious brutes take the shot out of their faces and hands when they shoot each other by mistake—I 've seen 'em; but we have no chance to do that.' A snipe said shrilly: 'What I object to is that he doesn't eat us *till* he 's had too much already. I come in on toast at the fifth course; it hurts one's feelings.'

'Ferocious brute, killing everything he sees.'

I felt my blood fairly boil, and longed to cry out: 'You beasts! You know that we don't kill everything we see! We leave that to cockneys, and foreigners.' But just as I had no power of movement, so I seemed to have no power of speech. And suddenly a little voice, high up over me, piped down: 'They never shoot us larks.' I have always loved the lark; how grateful I felt to that little creature—till it added: 'They do worse; they take and shut us up in little traps of wire till we pine away! Ferocious brutes!' In all my life I think I never was more disappointed! The second cougar spoke: 'He once passed within spring of me. What do you say, friends; shall we go for him?' The shivering answer came from all: 'Go for him! Ferocious brute! Oh, go for him!' And I heard the sound of hundreds of soft wings and pads ruffling and shuffling. And, knowing that I had no power to move an inch, I shut my eyes. Lying there motionless, as a beetle that shams dead, I felt them creeping, creeping, till all round me and over me was the sound of nostrils sniffing; and every second

I expected to feel the nip of teeth and beaks in the fleshy parts of me. But nothing came, and with an effort I reopened my eyes. There they were, hideously close, with an expression on their faces that I could not read; a sort of wry look, every nose and beak turned a little to one side. And suddenly I heard the old fox saying. 'It 's impossible, with a smell like that; we could never eat him!' From every one of them came a sort of sniff or sneeze as of disgust, and as they began to back away I distinctly heard the hyena mutter 'He 's not wholesome—not wholesome—the ferocious brute!'

The relief of that moment was swamped by my natural indignation that these impudent birds and beasts should presume to think that I, a British sportsman, would not be good to eat. Then that beastly hyena added: 'If we killed him, you know, and buried him for a few days, he might be tolerable.'

An old cock grouse called out at once: 'Go back! Let us hang him! *We* are always well hung. They like us a little decayed—ferocious brutes! Go back!' And once more I felt, from the stir and shuffle, that my fate hung in the balance, and I shut my eyes again, lest they might be tempted to begin on them. Then, to my infinite relief, I heard the cougar—have we not always been told that they were the friends of man?—mutter 'Pah! It 's clear we could never eat him fresh, and what we do not eat at once we do not touch!'

All the birds cried out in chorus. 'No! That would be crow's work.' And again I felt that I was saved. Then, to my horror, that infernal loon shrieked: 'Kill him and have him stuffed—specimen of Ferocious Brute! Or fix his skin on a tree, and look at it—as he did with me!'

For a full minute I could feel the currents of opinion

swaying over me, at this infamous proposal; then the old black-cock, the one whose tail is in my wife's hat, said sharply: 'Specimen! He's not good enough!' And once more, for all my indignation at that gratuitous insult, I breathed freely.

'Come!' said the lady bear quietly: 'Let us dribble on him a little, and go. The ferocious brute is not worth more!' And, during what seemed to me an eternity, one by one they came up, deposited on me a little saliva, looking into my eyes the while with a sort of horror and contempt, then vanished on the moor. The last to come up was the little meerkat without its head. It stood there; it could neither look at me nor drop saliva, but somehow it contrived to say: 'I forgive you, ferocious brute; but I was very happy!' Then it, too, withdrew. And from all around, out of invisible presences in the air and the heather, came once more the shivering whisper: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

I sat up. There was a trilling sound in my ears. Above me in the blue a curlew was passing, uttering its cry. Ah! Thank Heaven!—I had been asleep! My day-dream had been caused by the potted grouse, and the pressure of the Review, which had lain, face downwards, on my chest, open at the page where I had been reading about the man-eating lions, and the death of those ferocious brutes. It shows what tricks of disproportion little things will play with the mind when it is not under reasonable control.

And, to get the unwholesome taste of it all out of my mouth, I at once jumped up and started for home at a round pace.

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS

R. L. STEVENSON: *Virginibus Puerisque*

BOSWELL: We grow weary when idle

JOHNSON That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company, but if we were idle, there would be no growing weary we should all entertain one another.

JUST now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of *lèse*-respectability, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labour therein

consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny-pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, 'goes for' them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delica

place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for those tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate-house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have laboured along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favour of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for

when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.' The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truantry that you regret, you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking in the class.

Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipe[illegible] the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will [illegible]

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in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:

'How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?'

'Truly, sir, I take mine ease.'

'Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?'

'Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave.'

'Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?'

'No, to be sure.'

'Is it metaphysics?'

'Nor that.'

'Is it some language?'

'Nay, it is no language.'

'Is it a trade?'

'Nor a trade neither.'

'Why, then, what is't?'

'Indeed, sir, as time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment.'

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful countenance, broke forth upon this wise: 'Learning, quotha!' said he; 'I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!'

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spreads its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging, and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter XX, which is the differential calculus,

education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that .

facts of life.

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before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have 'plied their book diligently,' and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanour, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter

parts of life. Many make a large fortune who remain under-bred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meanwhile there goes the idler, who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Commonsense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and

peaceful landscape; many fire-lit parlours; good people laughing, drinking, and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution, and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

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dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely *conscious of living except in the exercise of some* conventional occupation Bring these fellows into the country or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations, they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake, and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough, and they pass those hours in a sort of coma which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with, you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated, and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market *They have been to school and college, but all the time* they had their eye on the medal, they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if

man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway-carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theatre of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre, not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when

they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Colonel Newcome helped to lose his friend's money; Fred Bayham had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people to fall among than Mr. Barnes. And though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbases whom the world could better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more [illegible] ...ho had never done [illegible] than to his whole [illegible] e thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favour has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favour is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as

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nor very honest, I
faced Barabbases
done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends, for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favour has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favour is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as

the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humour; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: 'You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased.' If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not

care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is 'so careless of the single life,' why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative [illegible]

retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves

Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centrepoint of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they gave away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.



AT THE PLAY

Stephen Paget: *The Young People*

I took the young people, a few nights ago, to the play. Father and Mother were dining out we left the whole house empty in charge of the maids, and it felt so like a real holiday that we almost expected to see luggage put on the top of the cab. We take care to call it the play, not the theatre. Country people who are in London for a week, and rich people who will go anywhere if only they go somewhere and need not make conversation all the evening, go to the theatre. we go to the play.

I do not know
I cannot say wha
To understand a
understand a min
the Gods, not for me.

One thing I know, that we must be there in time. There is great significance in the rise of the curtain It is begun, we are off; nothing can stop it now, and here are they for whom we have so long been waiting. Have we not read *Hamlet*, learned him, talked of him, ever since we got the tickets? Here is Elsinore; here, in the dark, are Francesco and Bernardo. It does not matter which is which, for here is Horatio, the good Horatio, the next best man to Hamlet in all Denmark; and here, oh, here is the Ghost. How glad we are that we took our dessert in the cab, and rushed up the stairs of the play-

house, and were in time. The magic of the dark and cold scene is on us, and all the terror of the plot is astir, and all the beauty of the words; and we hear Horatio saying, *But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high Eastern hill.* Suppose we had missed that. Suppose something had happened to the cab, and we had even been late for the next scene. There he is, at last, at last: that is he, in black, sitting there. How handsome he is: and look, there is Ophelia. We are longing to hear his voice, and that horrid king keeps on and on. There, he spoke then, and then again. Oh, his dear voice, so unhappy: and what a Gentleman he is: and did you notice just the way he said *Madam* to the Queen? If we had missed that, we might as well never have come at all, but gone to bed at half-past nine, or a quarter to ten.

It is even more disastrous, I think, to be late for *Macbeth.* But the young people never saw Irving in that play: never heard the drum, far away at first, drawing near with a dismal sound, as if it were foretelling the death of Duncan: then Macbeth came, that memorable figure, plodding his way home from the battle, weary and terrible, with his great axe on his shoulder; the path went upward, and he turned as Banquo spoke, and stood in silence looking down at the witches. Irving, surely, had no equal in the art of entering a scene.

The young people must be in the front row of the upper circle, failing the front row of the dress circle. Stalls and boxes are not for them: a sense of space, of empty air, must be between them and the play. Across that gulf, the actors are the real world, and the audience, more felt than seen now that the lights all over the house are down, is a world of shadows; if only the shadows would be silent. It is bad enough to have heads

in front of us, and hats, which move this way and that, and break again and again the reality of the acting; but it is even worse to have people behind us· and if they whisper, or laugh amiss, or sniff when they should weep, as it were, under their breath, or fidget, or eat sweets while Hamlet is there, oh, the rage and helpless misery of the young people! For they cannot keep hold on the play, they are caught in the toils The cruel whispering, the sniff like the cut of a whip, the animal noises made over the sweets, oppress them as a nightmare. They take their revenge when the curtain is down, saying aloud to me, *Aren't the people behind us awful!* But by that time the harm has been done; and the wreckers behind us have offended the young people. That offence may not deserve the millstone round the neck, and the depth of the sea, yet all wanton inter-

that they are deceived by the illusions of the stage. They see its tricks and artifices, the sham of it all, the supers waiting at the wings, and all the machinery for making the weather. If the shutting of a door sets the whole castle shaking, as it will sometimes, they are quick to note it; and they miss nothing of the absurdity of a stage-army. And that is just as it should be. Why should they believe that stage-rocks are solid, that stage-trees have roots, that stage-anything is what it imitates? Why should they be such fools? Have they not acted at home, and used the rouge-pot, and been *stabbed to the heart with an ivory paper-cutter, and* made the Forest of Arden out of the plants in the back drawing-room and two green tablecloths? They see, at the play, everything. It is not the stage that is real

friends. If Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling, dear names, are not immortal, nobody is immortal. I lay especial emphasis on the immortality of Quince, in whom the critical faculty, self-consciousness, love of poetry, and the passion for arranging your fellow-creatures and making them do things properly, are so blended as to make him a type, a Platonic idea, everlastingly true. Quince being immortal, it did not matter that our particular Quince was elderly, and reminded me of Cicero; but I am inclined to think that the essential Quince is youthful, or he would not have that insatiable care for amateur theatricals.

Of the fairies, beside her who was the spirit of Mendelssohn's music, there were three whom we longed to take home in the cab. Oberon, of course; and the little sentinel fairy who kept guard over Titania, marching up and down with a big white lily for a weapon of precision, and was seized and run off, screaming, by two of Oberon's fairies; and the little changeling, if I may count him as a fairy. We were glad that the fairies had that little brown personage, or he might have grown up to be an ordinary black man. And all the fairies were what Dicky Doyle would have wished to see them.

But children do not believe in fairies. Thank Heaven for that! I would as soon have them believe in those gross Bond Street sciences which insult alike God and Nature. You hear it said, by stupid people who know nothing of children, that the belief in fairies is so pretty, so innocent, and that children nowadays are precocious, and have no imagination. There is no reverence for children in this canting nonsense; they no more ought to believe in fairies than they ought to be exposed to the measles. They must believe in God: will it help

them to that achievement, to believe in fairies? We know what a legion of beliefs and disbeliefs is waiting for them, what long stretches of time they will pass in doubts and questionings, vexing themselves with views, attitudes, abandonments, acceptances. If the young people must, for their present good, see visions and dream dreams, then I wish them dreams which will come true, some day, and help them

And these fairies, after all, what are they like, and what are they worth? Are all fairies so light and delicate as those of Shakespeare, or do stupid cockney children dream of stupid cockney fairies? That was what I did: I imagined fairies, in my old home, under each step of a certain part of the staircase. There they were, I thought, just under the tread of the stone. They never came out of that cold lodging, and I had no clear idea of their nature, never wished to see them, never thought of them but with a vague dislike; they were just things in the stairs, without purpose or use or attributes or definition, mere forces behind the solid stone, and I must walk over them on my way to bed. I did not greatly fear them, for they never came out; besides, the appointed place for fear was the landing, where three doors were, and no light: but I disliked them, and never, like Bottom, desired them of more acquaintance. Truly, a stupid child, as backward over my fairies as a savage over his fetishes, but I got no further than that, and they remained as dull as myself, till I outgrew them. It took Shakespeare to imagine Shakespeare's fairies.

B [illegible]
fairi [illegible]
and [illegible]
acres who preach faith in fairies, and would not clap

my hands for *Peter Pan.* A boy who refuses to grow up shall not dictate to me and my young people.

I am minded to set them an essay—*Compare these two plays.* Their pens would fly; and for each essay I would give a prize.



GOING AWAY AND ARRIVING

FILSON YOUNG · *Letters from Solitude*

THE act of Going Away, in the case of a whole family making an annual migration, is a very important part of holiday. In the case of simple people who have neither great establishments nor large means, it is a thing fraught with a certain amount of careful apprehension; to the elders it is a serious matter, complicated by questions of packing, of dealings with servants, or arrangements for shutting up or carefully maintaining the house during their absence, but for children it is quite another thing. It is the most exciting part of the holiday, in which the joys of travel and adventure are combined in a highly concentrated form. It is surrounded by rites and ceremonies, and crowned with the knowledge that beyond it lie the delights of the holiday itself. To appreciate the true joys of Going Away one must be a child in a family whose annual migration is a thing long looked forward to as the supreme delight of the year.

My own memory of Going Away in this manner lies like a golden haze on the most distant part of life that I can remember. I associate it with that sense of exhausted summer experienced in large towns towards the end of July, with an approaching emptiness and suspension of the ordinary affairs of life, and with the alien's sense of quitting the place of his bondage and returning to his native land. For England, although the greater part of my year was spent in it, was associated in my youth with the drab side of life, with going to

school, and with a disagreeable sense of false position caused by living constantly among rich, and, if the truth be told, somewhat Philistine people, whose simple way it was to estimate others by the amount of money which they had; whom superiority of attainment or of cultivation rendered uncomfortable, and who were glad to find any ground from which they could look down on their superiors. And as the end of July approached we, as children, had a growing sense that we had dwelt too long in Mesech and had our habitation in the tents of Kedar. We were going back to our own land and our own people, and we were glad.

Our Going Away took place very properly on a Monday. The Saturday preceding it was a day of disturbance and unrest, when the ordinary order of things was suspended, and one was thrilled by the sight of the various large trunks standing about in the fairway of corridors and landings. It was on Saturday, or sometimes even on Friday, that we began to repeat a rhyme or chant used only on these occasions. It was as follows:

> This time three days where shall we be?
> In the steamer going to ——.

The missing word supplied the rhyme; and it was considered creditable and effective if one of us, by making elaborate calculation, could suddenly foreshadow one of the more thrilling moments of the journey by saying:

> This time twenty-five hours where shall we be?
> Standing-on-the-quay-waiting-for-the-mail-car, going to ——.

Saturday evening passed in a kind of wretched reaction and serious searching of heart as to how the whole of Sunday and Monday could possibly be got through. Church on Sunday was a little exciting because of the

thinned condition of the congregation; one had an infinite pity for the wretched handful who should remain at the mercy of a succession of casual and unknown ministrants. All packing was, of course, suspended on Sunday; the trunks gaped invitingly, and sometimes a toy would be surreptitiously inserted among the folds of garments, only to be discovered and ejected on the following day. On Sunday evening there was a touching and somewhat sentimental feeling in the air, stimulated by the long sunshine slanting in through the windows, my father's last sermon, the familiar hymns dedicated by custom to this occasion, and (in one mind at least) associated, not with the Deity, but with cabs and railway trains. One could almost have wept And so to bed, and another sick night of suspense.

We did not leave till about seven in the evening, but for my part I was always ready and waiting to get into my overcoat by about nine in the morning. Things really began to happen in the morning Our excitement was constantly being quelled by elders who walked about with furrowed brows and attempted to keep calm. Servants were engaged upon unfamiliar jobs, and we took our meals with our loins girded, noting an absence of familiar table furniture. Various humble dependants came to the house to be paid, and as we spoke to them of our imminent departure we were filled, I know not why, with a sense of pathos. We felt sorry for them, that they should thus be looking on us for the last time, and we had a strange, thrilling sense of importance, as of people who should claim the attention and the privileges of the death-bed As the afternoon wore on there was a difficulty in breathing and total loss of appetite, which, strange to say, was treated

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almost as an offence. The moment when the first trunk was brought downstairs was generally the scene of a demonstration and, probably, of a reprimand; and it was at this time that agonizing secret discussions began as to how we should sit in the bus, who, if any, should go on the box, whether it would be a fine night, and if we should be allowed to stay up late on the steamer. Half an hour before the time of departure the hideous chill of apprehension arose as to what would happen if the bus did not come, and the scout detailed to station himself on the road, scanning every vehicle, received one bitter disappointment after another. But at last it arrived, being greeted, according to ritual, with a quotation from an early story-book, 'It comes, it rolls up to the door.'

Now indeed we were in the very act and article of departure. One could have embraced the driver as he came to help down with the boxes; we wanted to draw him aside and tell him about the joys that were waiting for us; for surely he must be aware that this was no ordinary station job, but the homeward flight of remarkable people to the most wonderful paradise on earth. This was one of the occasions on which one shook hands with servants, and was strangely aware of the texture of their skin. And at last, every parcel being counted, and every child tightly clinging to some minor piece of luggage, the door was shut with a bang, the wheels scraped the road, and we were off, hoping to pass on the road some of our acquaintances who were not going away.

Followed the more awful excitement of the railway station, when we were brigaded into various parties and given posts to guard while the business of taking tickets and seats was transacted. There was no play about it

now, we were off in earnest amid the grim realities of trains and engines; and our excitement took on an almost fearful thrill, as though we had started some tremendous machine which we could not stop The great delight of the railway journey was the obvious lightheartedness of my father; his method of counting the luggage to see that it was all there; the tones in which he announced the stations which were passed, which would not have seemed real if any one else had spoken them; and it was a part of the ritual, all unknown to him, that as we approached our port of embarkation he should let down the window and make some remark on the state of the weather or the sea. For a more sober interest now began to overcast our excitements; we were not all good sailors, and on the state of the weather would depend our happiness or misery for the next eight hours. But I remember these occasions chiefly [illegible]

embarking from the train and beginning to tramp through a succession of echoing boarded passages, we first caught sight of the legend in huge letters 'TO THE STEAMER.' I do not know why such notices should enter so deeply into one's sense of life, but so long as I live I shall remember the almost intolerable tremor of being with which I read these legends, and with what a sense of glorious fate I followed the pointing wooden hand with which they were punctuated. And then at last the gangway, and the deck of the steamer, and the lights shining from the companion-way, and the weird smell which made one clench one's teeth as one descended the stairs (for this was before the day of universal electric lights and fans), the finding of one's cabin and

the depositing therein of one's small effects, the desire to be in every part of the ship at once lest one should miss anything, the glorious vibration of the foghorn's note in the pit of one's stomach when it announced our departure, and the moment at which one could say 'We are off.' And then the tramping up and down the deck, the watching of the winking buoys sliding by, the returning to peep down the companion-ladder, and the coming back to find that one's teeth were still firmly clenched. Every one of these experiences was a joy in itself. And down in the saloon was a pleasant clatter of knives and forks, and the appetizing smells of hot meats, after which my young stomach lusted, although I was obliged to be content with an expurgated meal of tea and toast and jam.

And then once more on deck, we men, tightly buttoned up now, one's mother and sisters safely tucked away in their cabins whence good and reassuring news came of their estate, to walk up and down in the lee of the most interesting, fascinating, and all-powerful father in holiday mood, looking at the blinking lighthouse that seemed to come no nearer, until the wind began to bite and the eyes, in spite of all efforts of the will, to close. To turn in was delayed as long as possible, for it meant the end of Going Away; there was but a bridge of sleep before one would enter into to-morrow with all its joys.

But if Going Away was the most glorious part of the holidays of childhood, Arriving was the most purely joyous. The excitement of Going Away was tinged with the apprehension which, pleasant or unpleasant, is inseparable from the beginning of any great enterprise, and was shadowed by a sense of perils and adventures by land and sea to be encountered before the end was reached. But on Arriving these things were all behind

us: it was a crescendo of pleasures; they did not end, but were simply merged in a succession of joys, a vista of delight of which even the visible horizon did not mark

the two.

Arriving began by one's waking up in the small hours of the morning and wondering where one was, and gradually becoming aware that one was indeed in the cabin of the ship and travelling in the midst of the sea The great question was how soon one could get up. The view from the port-hole probably revealed only a grey waste mass of waters One hardly dared to look at the time for fear it should be some dreadful hour like three or four o'clock—a hopeless hour, at which it was quite useless to get up One lay trying to go to sleep again, or, failing that, determined to lie still for an hour by sheer effort of will; and when one looked at the clock again it was but five minutes later. Sometimes one would try to persuade oneself that four o'clock was quite a reasonable hour to get up, and, having dressed, find one's way up on decks that were either deserted and very wet, or else in process of being washed down, so that there was no dry spot to sit upon No land being visible, and the air being probably bitterly cold, and the sun not risen, the most sanguine temperament failed to support such conditions, and one would come down again and make another effort to sleep, repeating these experiments until one did sleep in earnest, and woke up with a shock to find that the green shores of Ireland were visible, that the sun had risen, and that other people had been up for quite a long time How sweet the air was, how green seemed the familiar shores of

one's native land! There were greetings to be exchanged, notes to be compared on the experiences of the night, absorbing interests connected with the arrival of the steamer alongside the quay and—joy of joys—the sight of the yellow wheels of the conveyance which was to carry us on the last thirty miles of our journey. This was nothing more nor less than a long car, a kind of vehicle unknown except in Ireland, and, in sober truth, nothing more luxurious than a species of spring dray with wooden flaps over the wheels and a kind of knife-board arrangement on which four or six people sat facing outwards on either side, the luggage being piled in the middle. But the fiery chariot of Elijah could not have seemed to us a more delectable and luxurious and splendid conveyance.

And now we were all packed and tucked in behind rugs and aprons, and rattling over the stony streets of the town and out into the country road, with the morning sunshine slanting still low across it, and the air still sweet from the dews and showers of the night, and the hedgerows fragrant and bright with wild roses and dog-daisies. We had thirty miles to cover, with changes of horses three times, and the joy of the road before us. The first thing I remember when once well out on the road was the production of baskets and packets of biscuits and sandwiches; and my strongest association with this part of the road is the slightly metallic taste of milk drunk out of the cup of a flask, and the difficulty of imbibing it from the narrow end of the cup while seated on a jolting vehicle. And after that I think I generally slept or dozed for about an hour; dozed deliciously, leaning against some protecting shoulder, with an under-current of the gritty sound of wheels along the road, of the horses' hoofs, of Irish voices

heard in pauses by the roadside. Then, refreshed by sleep, one would wake to an absorbed interest in the affairs of the journey; for our vehicle carried the mails for thirty miles, and carried many other things as well, so that the driver, as we rounded a bend of the road, would suddenly throw a fish at the door of a house, and give a bundle of newspapers to some old woman who had walked a couple of miles down a side road to receive them. At one corner there was always a dog, a black retriever, who waited for his master's newspaper, and could be seen soberly trotting off with it until the bend of the road hid him from sight. Then there was a beggar who frequented the road, Jimmy Leary, of whom we were terrified, and the sight of him stumping along in his picturesque tatters, or pausing, as we passed, to raise his lined face and shake his gnarled stick at us, thrilled us with a sense of perils encountered. Then there were the halts to change horses, and the sight of men drinking porter in some little wayside public-house; and my views of life at that time must have been very strict, for I remember feeling rather frightened that in such a happy country, and on such a beautiful morning, men should be found wicked and abandoned enough to commit this sin

Half-way along, the road, just after it passes through the town of Newtownards, takes a sudden bend and comes out on one of the most fragrant shores in the world. One moment you are under trees, going by a moss-grown chapel and market-house, and the next you are out in the open with the stony beach close to you, the intoxicating smell of seaweed, and the sound of waves washing against stones—no muddy lake water, but the veritable sea itself, clear and green and transparent against the rocks and pebbles of the beach. Need

I tell you what the moment of that vision meant to us in this succession of delights? For these were our own waters, the shores of our own lough, which we were to follow in all their twistings and turnings for some fifteen miles, and wellnigh to the open sea itself. Great was the competition to sit on the shore side of the car; so great indeed that turns had to be taken, and at stopping-places there was much lifting down and hoisting up as these exchanges were effected.

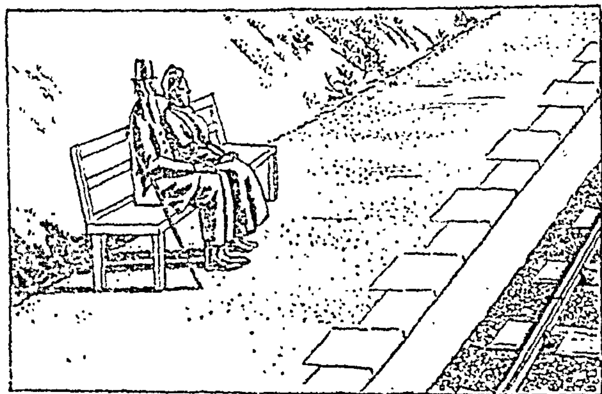
Two more changes of horses after this, and we were out on the last ten miles, mostly inland again, for we were to lose sight of the sea until it burst upon us at the very doors of our home. Now the excitement became almost sickening as we strained our eyes along the road to mark the familiar objects; and as we neared the village of our destination familiar faces began to appear on the road, and we recognized them with a thrill of wonder that they should exist so unchanged during our absence. Now began the long wall of the demesne, with a curtseying figure at the first lodge gate; and at the end of the wall, under a tunnel of trees, the pump and the first white cottages of the long village street. The horses were whipped up, and with a glorious commotion we entered on the last stage of our triumphal progress. The upper halves of the house doors were opened, and old women with mutches on their heads looked out upon us, shading their eyes with their hands. Now we have passed the baker's, that functionary himself, perpetually white, and living, as it were, in a mist of flour, standing behind his counter; now past the wonderful shop of sweets and mysteries, with the name 'Anderson' in crusted white letters (one of them missing) over the lintel; now another shop, the source of the most delicious gingerbread, with its little pro-

prietress nodding and waving to us from the door; now, with a last crack of the whip and scattering of poultry from under the very wheels, into the market square itself, in front of the post office, with familiar faces waiting to greet us. But even yet we had not finished;

where the masts of ships show over the roofs of houses, round the corner, beside the pump, along the wall of an old castle, and suddenly the view is open—to me the most sacred and beautiful view in the world, a view of beach and harbour and sea, with our own craft at her moorings in the foreground, and the swift sliding tide beyond, and across it green wooded shores trimmed with a brown line of seaweed, and the blue mountains in the distance. That was the culmination, but a few yards more and the wheels had come to rest, and we jumped down on to the gravel sweep into the arms waiting to receive us. Yet it was not the beloved kinsfolk whose presence and welcome most thrilled us, but the sturdy, bearded, blue-jerseyed figure, commodore and admiral of our small fleet of boats, who stood waiting to take part in the welcome, and, incidentally, to help with the luggage. That he should be really alive and existing before us in the very flesh was the crowning miracle and delight of our journey. When we had found him we had Arrived.

Going Away and Arriving—how closely the whole of existence fits itself between those two adventures! When you stand in the mid-sea of life, far away from its beginnings, and apparently far from its ending, you realize how many things you have gone away from, and how comparatively few you seem to have arrived at.

Yet I like to think that they are but the two halves of one whole, and that if Going Away is the chief joy of youthful life, Arriving is the special pleasure and privilege of age; and that even though the horizons of youth are grown dim and misty in the distance, for people who have grown old wisely the land they are approaching grows more and more clearly defined, and from being a strange and unknown, becomes a familiar and welcoming country; on whose soft shore they look forward to lying down for a long rest, with the noise of the waters over which they have passed lulling them to a pleasant and dreamless sleep.



VAGABONDS

Holbrook Jackson: *Southward Ho! and Other Essays*

Few of us escape at one time or another those intimations of wildness which exist remotely and shyly deep down below the most civilized exteriors. Not only in summer, when the sun glints over the hedgerows, turning the most circumspect of roads into mysterious and seductive highways leading undoubtedly to El Dorado or Utopia' but in winter as well, when the trees are bare, but none the less beautiful, and the blood courses through the veins in sympathy with the rhythm of a swinging pace.

. . . .

inspires the schoolboy to run away from school, sends rich men careering over continents in motor cars, and sets the clerk a-dreaming of his annual holiday that small taste of freedom which is all he ever knows.

May not the emotions associated with such moments be Nature bidding man re-create himself by spending himself after her large and prodigal manner? Without some such call civilization might bring about our ruin. Thoreau, who loved wildness better than most men, saw in it the preservation of the world, even though it might make vagabonds of us all. And side by side with Thoreau's love of the untamed life there is a widespread if furtive love of the vagabond. Poets have grown sentimental over his apparent abandonment of care,

and reformers of our luxurious habits have imagined some context between the vagabond life and philosophic simplicity. But ordinary men do not want the simple life so much as the free life. After a spell of civilization, they find themselves, as it were, tugging at their moorings; they want to break away and drive free for a while, and they half believe that vagabondage is the vehicle.

Whether they be right or wrong, there is something to be said for the idea that all great achievement is the result of the abandon which often expresses itself in the rake and the vagabond. The dream of El Dorado may be no more than Nature's lure to the wild. The man who has no stomach for the attainment of his desires is by that dream urged mysteriously into the world of active life when lack of spirit might otherwise bid him stay at home. But it does not follow that every wastrel is a hero in the cause of natural freedom.

At least, we may say that our pleasure in contemplating the vagabond and his kind is in response to a very real need. It is not so much that we see in him the incarnation of happiness, still less a model of human perfection; what we do feel is, that the vagabond is participating in the full current of life. That, of course, may wreck him, just as it may wreck us also if we follow in his steps, but a spice of danger is an added lure to the brave heart. The dangers of football, of polo, of mountaineering or soldiering never yet made those sports unpopular, for the sufficient reason that the only life worth living is the life which is well spiced with risk. 'Chance, in the last resort, is God,' says Anatole France. The vagabond, if not always in the midst of romantic adventure, has always got his back to the wall; and that alone is an inspiring thing for the contemplation of healthy people. Weary and unkempt as

he usually is, in him we see, no matter how dimly, the spirit of the hero, the hero who does not care whether he succeeds or no, the hero who does not desire to be intimidated by success. Behind the most grotesque tatterdemalion of the highway may exist the romantic desire to face odds, to test personal prowess, to have no possessions, that eating and drinking may be the

may be reached and passed.

The correspondence between conduct and sympathy, however, is often strangely paradoxical. There is, for instance, no doubt about the desire of most of us for what we are agreed is an exemplary life. That is what we are taught at school and, in fact, what we really believe to be correct. But there is no doubt also that beneath all our very sincere practice and advocacy of responsible virtues, we are more or less susceptible to the charm of irresponsibility. It strikes a romantic note to which our hearts are readily attuned Such sympathy is recorded in our works of art, particularly in literature, where so many of the most popular figures are vagabonds of one kind or another, and so much happy writing is inspired by a spirit of abandonment The works of writers who have something of the vagabond in their souls invariably inspire friendly devotion in their readers

And this sentiment of affection exists in spite of our persecution of every practical attempt at real vagabondage. Vagabonds were not always persecuted, but to-day the very word, outside of literature, is suspect.

A vagabond is no longer merely a wanderer; he is an idler and a worthless fellow to boot. Still even that does not kill our inner faith in at least his romantic claims to sympathy. Our sympathies do go out more readily to the good-natured vagabond, be he tramp, troubadour, gipsy, mountebank, soldier of fortune, or ordinary rake, than to the circumspect person of equal generosity.

It is not for nothing that so much of our favourite reading is about rakes and vagabonds; such a thing is no mere fad, it is a sign. Think of Falstaff and Autolycus; of Jasper Petulengro and Sinfia Lovell; of Ragged Robin and Paragot. There are few pleasanter literary memories than these. Without doubt, Falstaff was a disreputable rogue, but somehow we prefer him to Henry IV, and in the same way wild Prince Hal is nearer to our hearts than that strutting rhetorician, Henry V. In our own times, Dickens, who knew popular tastes so well, created a whole range of characters each of whom has a like freedom from care. Even the immortal Pickwick is something of a vagabond, leaving aside Barnaby Rudge, the Jarleys, and all his delightful roving coachmen and strolling players. Dick Swiveller is one of the most charming people in fiction; and that rake who became a hero, Sidney Carton, one of the most adored—especially by women; although I have my suspicions that Sidney Carton was created by Mr. Martin Harvey, and not by Charles Dickens.

In the same way we are drawn towards the romantic rogues and vagabonds of history; towards kings who have had the wander-thirst and gone forth seeking adventure, like Richard the Lion-hearted; or to poets of wild, unreckoning ways, like François Villon and Byron, to troubadours and the student minstrels of Provence and Italy; or again, to the wandering friars

mediæval times. And many good folk grow enthusiastic over the careless Bohemianism which is the reputed life of artists. Nothing can rob the middle classes of this myth, and although they have many opportunities of learning that most poets and artists nowadays pride themselves on their respectability, the nimbus of romance has been placed about the brows of the artist, and there it will remain

There is romance even in the familiar tramp of the highway, although he is shorn of his glamour in these strenuous days when we have raised the accident which has made it necessary for most of us to work for a living into an ideal. The idea is preposterous and the root of much evil.

But the genuine tramp shirks work on principle Our laborious and regular ideals are not his We like work on principle, or pretend we do, he hates it, and has the courage of his convictions He is quite practical and frank, and would never do an honest stroke of work year in year out, unless absolutely forced to do so. So [illegible] satisfy his needs [illegible] his self-chosen [illegible] evil fortune, he stoops to an odd job which, since such things are beneath him, he does not hesitate to scamp as much as possible. Yet, object to the fellow as we may, down in the bottom of our hearts there is something which responds not always unkindly to the genuine tramp We may pity the casual and hope to abolish him, but although we may hate the real tramp on principle, we cannot finally despise him.

England, like all lands with a failing peasantry, is a poor place for tramps, and yet with a little more practical sympathy what a paradise it might be for them, especially

in the summer months. In Ireland, however, where national ideals are as yet less material, he has a better time; in fact, in the less commercialized parts of that country he is still considered a human being with rights and even a destiny. He can usually depend upon hospitality from the peasants, and, in return, he gives them of his store of worldly lore; often he is a teller of tales, and in some cases he is the inheritor of the traditions of the old Irish minstrelsy.

That the tramp is still a considerable figure in the life of Ireland may be seen by the large and, on the whole, friendly part he occupies in modern Irish plays and poems. One remembers the clever vagabond who is the central figure of W. B. Yeats's play, *A Pot of Broth*. But more particularly does one recollect the amusing tramps in the plays of J. M. Synge, tramps who are created not as romantic ideas, but as records of Irish life and character. In these tramps we see personified real joy in the simple and mysterious things of nature—those things which come very close to what we call romance; who represent and seem to have convinced their compatriots of the fact that the tramp's lack of the desire of earthly goods is not altogether a vice.

In all countries there are these strange beings, living in the midst of the people but not of them: the weary Tramp of England, the nonchalant Hobo of America, the bronzed Sundowner of Australia, the sad-visaged Gorioun of Russia, no less than the more intimate associate of the peasantry, as the tramp usually is in pastoral countries such as Ireland. But each in his way carrying on the tradition of freedom, if only tha almost lost tradition of freedom from the tyranny o owning things.

What is popularly called the 'Call of the Open Road

has long since made the amateur tramp a more and more familiar figure of our by-ways. People who live in houses are beginning to realize that there is no other way of seeing a country. Tramping is the most subtle and satisfying way of assimilating what beauty or charm a land may have; and, apart from the mere sensuous delight of the thing, there is no surer road to health of body or of mind. Tramping, indeed, has become one of the arts, and, like all art, it comes naturally to some, whilst others need tuition before they can use their materials with that certainty and dexterity necessary for the

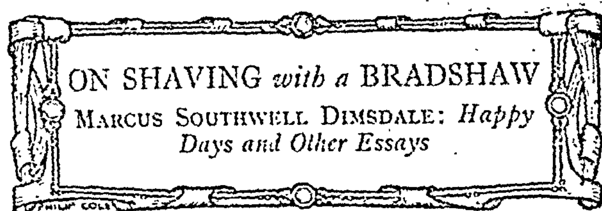
wise; those who foster and woo the intimate call of the wild are wiser still. There are few habits so well worth cultivating as this habit of occasional lapse from the upholstery of civilized life, for in vagabondage we merge into the very source of life itself, civilization is but its reflection, and often it is the reflection of a distorting glass. The tonic of such contact with wildness as we may get by tramping puts us once more in tune with reality.



Life of Lamb. These are so long and so uniform that there is no hope of finishing them in a night, and no fear of worrying about a climax not reached; and they are so good that one never minds if one does read the same pages over and over again. I found, in our discussion, that each of these species of nocturnal reading was favoured by one of my friends. But for myself I shamelessly confessed that, however tired I might be, I should always, even were the whole contents of the British Museum at call from my bed, ask for a shocker. Give me *Bulldog Drummond*, *Station X*, or *Trent's Last Case*, and I will read in bed until dawn. Let sleep go. Let the morrow's duties go. Let health, prudence, and honour go. The bedside book for me is the book that will longest keep me awake.

It is a large subject, and one seldom discussed. Hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, of people every night in England read something in bed. They say nothing about it except 'I read for a little last night and then slept like a top,' or 'I didn't feel like going to sleep last night, so I read for a bit,' or 'I began reading so-and-so in bed last night, and damn the book, I couldn't get to sleep until I finished it.' Usually nothing at all is said; if anything is said it is very little. Yet what a large slice of our lives has gone in this harmless occupation. We get our clothes off. We get our pyjamas on. We wind our watches. We arrange the table and the light and get into bed. We pile up, or double up, the pillows. Then we settle down to it. Sometimes the book is so exciting that all thought of sleep fades away, and we read on oblivious of everything except the unseen menace in that dark house, the boat gliding stealthily along that misty river, the Chinaman's eyes peering through that greenish-yellow

fog, or the sudden crack of the revolver in that den of infamy. Sometimes we read for a while and then feel as though we could go peacefully to sleep. Sometimes we struggle desperately to gum our failing attention to the acute analysis and safe deductions of our author. Our eyes squint and swim. Our head dizzies We feel drunk, and, dropping the book aside from lax hands, just manage to get the light out before falling back into a dense and miry slumber. We all know these fights against inevitable sleep, those resolves to reach the inaccessible end of the chapter, those swimmings in the head, those relapses into the gulf of slumber. And we all know those long readings when the mystery and suspense of the text so excite us that every creak of the stair and every fluttering of the pertinacious moths makes the heart stand still, and then keeps it beating hard for minutes We have all turned the light out just in time; and we have all turned it out from boredom, or in an access of determined common sense, and then turned it on again to resume the dreary reading where we left the piece of paper or the pencil in the page. But we seldom talk about it. It is a part of our really private lives, which include also our operations in the bath-room, and our contrivances for keeping, at certain moments, our clothes together These are universal experiences which each man thinks peculiar to himself, yet which hardly anybody ever thinks worth mentioning



ON SHAVING *with a* BRADSHAW

MARCUS SOUTHWELL DIMSDALE: *Happy Days and Other Essays*

THIS is not a learned paper. It is the result of shaving with a Bradshaw, using him, I should explain, not as an implement, but as a storehouse of an indispensable accessory. As such, while not entering into competition with professed shaving-books like that one which its publishers, who entertain us with a quotation from Shakespeare at every shave, describe (quoting, I believe, from that dramatist) as 'this precious volume, this most goodly book,' he is not yet altogether to be despised. He provides a practically inexhaustible supply of somewhat indifferent shaving papers.

These are but a by-product of Bradshaw, for, it is needless to say, his pages are full of interest and information. One point, a small one, happened to strike the writer as he glanced at them hastily in the moment of use, and that was the oddness and inappropriateness of many of the station names. Stoat's Nest, for instance! How absurd to take a ticket to Stoat's Nest! How absurd for Stoat's Nest to be provided with a platform and a waiting-room and a parcels office! And Mumby Road; how depressing! With what a sinking of the heart would one receive the intimation that one was to be interned at Mumby Road! I have no doubt that the Mumby Roadsters are everything that is charming, that they are polished, intelligent, amiable. But that the name of their place of residence does anything to

enhance their gaiety I am prepared to deny. Quaker's Yard, again. There is no harm in the name. As the title of a novel, somewhat quaint and drab-coloured, it might pass; but I submit that it is no name for a station. Not that the queer names of stations which I have in my mind are always unattractive. In some moods the idea of booking for Desert would be most refreshing. And to the right person at the right time (to use the Aristotelian formula) there might conceivably be no dearer goal than Clara or Mary Tavy or Kitty Brewster, and if, in the nature of things, these are matters of individual or temporary preference, Legacy (G.W.R.) as the object of a trip might not unreasonably be expected to prove universally popular. To reach it you have but to study the index to Bradshaw, and pay your fare

Of course you would find the aspect of the places ludicrously different from that which their names suggest. And here we touch on the speculative element, which makes the study of names in a map so fascinating an occupation to the imaginative. I wonder how many people nowadays read a book called *A Cruise upon Wheels*, by Charles Collins, and of these how many recall the passage where Messrs. Fudge and Pinchbold (the originals of whom were, I believe, the writer and his wife) first conceived the idea of their momentous drive from St. Omer to Geneva. 'I delight in a map,' said Mr. Pinchbold [illegible]

the map, and pointing at a spot on it with his pencil, 'Ancy le Franc; fancy the dullness of Ancy le Franc! Tonnerre again — the French for thunder — what an awful place that must be!'

Assuredly the place-names of France afford a fascinating field for such speculations as those of the adventurous friends. With their record of saint and noble, castle, rock and river, they fill the ear perhaps more resoundingly than ours. And yet I think that for variety, quaintness, suggestiveness, and charm our English names, and especially the names of our country villages, challenge comparison with those of any in the world.

Matthew Arnold, fresh from a tour in the United States, declared that he could not endure to live in a country where towns were called by such names as Briggsville and Jacksonville, and certainly the names of our hamlets have an air of reality and sincerity which gives one more feeling of repose than the eclectic nomenclature of newer lands. Take some of the commonest of them, say, Norton, Sutton, Easton, and Weston. They are unpretending names; but there is nothing artificial about them. And they may even be instructive. They indicate settlements North, South, East, or West of something—if one only knew what. But let them be decorated, as so many of them are, with the name of some family which once held the manor, and the gain is often considerable. Sutton Valence and Sutton Courtney, Norton Mandeville and Easton Maudit are names of significance and distinction. Not that the addition of the name of a manorial family is always an improvement. You shall find in Oxfordshire Broughton and Broughton Poggs. Few would deny that Broughton plain is the more dignified name of the two. Less pleasing to the ear than the name of Lydiard Millicent is that of her sister village Lydiard Tregooze. And it may be conceded that our Cambridgeshire Bumpsteads add but little melody to the appellatives—be they Helion or Steeple—to which they are appended. But in very many

cases the combination is eminently satisfactory. Some of them could hardly be bettered by the invention of poet or novelist. Lydiard Millicent, just mentioned, is an idyll in itself, and Compton Winyates a romance.

Graphic are the additions which indicate some local characteristic. Such are Stanford-in-the-Vale, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Horsey-next-the-Sea, Bourton-on-the-Water (Venice of English villages, it is indeed fitly named), and best of all, Stow-on-the-Wold. Expressive of an ancient habitation on breezy uplands, the name is, I am told, the special admiration of American tourists. Some of " [illegible] to the part of Engla [illegible] :h they are attached [illegible] nly in those counties [illegible] 'edges' and deserve the name can the many 'under-edges' be placed. But the name Wansford-in-England is not descriptive, and as an indication of its locality the addition is a little uninforming. In point of fact the [illegible]

[illegible] objects a certain dweller on his banks (a native, let us suppose, of Nassington Cotterstock), he, good man, being in his bed at the time and indeed fast asleep. When day dawned and he woke to find himself in unfamiliar surroundings, he inquired in dismay where he might be. On receiving the answer, 'Wansford,' he ejaculated in surprise, 'What! Wansford in England?' and Wansford-in-England the village is called to this day. But this story will perhaps not carry conviction even to those unfamiliar with the precise nature of an aetiological legend.

While there are a number of village names like those already mentioned having reference to the points of the compass, which are scattered broadcast over the face of England, while Woottons or Woodtowns abound wherever trees were plenty, Eatons wherever rivers fretting their banks have enclosed islands, Langleys wherever long meadows may have been a feature of the place, and Kingstons in the many localities which may have had special relations with one or other of our defunct sovereigns, yet it remains true that there is a certain character which distinguishes the place-names of different counties.

Let us start from Cambridge (as the writer must needs start to get anywhere) northwards. With what a chill and fenny sound are we greeted by such names as Mepal and Manea and Guyhirne, though this note becomes still clearer if, leaving the roadway, we strike on Chittering Fen or the Lower Delphs, on Morton's Leam or Vermuyden's Dyke. But pass the Lincolnshire border, cross the track by which the Danes spread fanwise over middle England, and the names have a different ring. A quarter of the Lincolnshire village names end in 'by,' the note of a Danish settlement. Wragby and Scawby by their very sound suggest the tough uncompromising freebooter from overseas, and Thoresby and Grimsby, Aswarby, Aslackby, and Algarkirk seem dimly reminiscent of Norse mythology. Yorkshire names again — witness Northallerton and Bedale, Selby and Thirsk—carry with them a suggestion of bleakness and virility.

For some reason or other there seems to be a larger proportion of quaint and surprising names in Herefordshire than in any other English county. In no other county could you find so queer a collection as Moccas

and Marcle, Madly and Mathon, Stretton Sugwas and Dindor, Clehonger, Ocle Pitchard and King's Pyon. Perhaps the oddness of some of these names is accounted for by the proximity of Wales, and in fact many of the Herefordshire village names, for instance Llancillo, Llandinabo, and Ganarew are frankly Welsh. In both respects, both in the eccentricity of some of them and in the Celtic character of others, the neighbouring county of Salop with its Church Pulverbath and its Caradoc Hills resembles Herefordshire. Into that jungle of consonants in which any consideration of Welsh place-names would involve the imaginary traveller, I do not enter; but I have often wondered if it is due to the despair of some Saxon about getting his tongue round the Celtic 'y's' and 'w's' that, among the 'Llans' of Brecon and Cardigan, we find the exotic names Patricia and Strata Florida. Names of similar character are Aspatria in Cumberland (Glaramara in the same county belongs perhaps to a different class), and, more obviously due to the study of the *Classical Dictionary*, Etruria in the Potteries of Staffordshire.

Of counties further inland, Warwickshire, Brummagem notwithstanding, is a fair and pastoral district, and its quiet villages are not unfitly named. Waves Wootton, otherwise called Wootton Wawen, seems as archaic to the ear as an Anglo-Saxon attitude to the eye, and Henley-in-Arden is redolent of Shakespeare and gracious Shakespearean heroines. Typically English, too, is Berkshire, home of Alfred the Great and Tom Brown and the most engaging variety of British pig,
[illegible] s, from Bracknell
[illegible] ation on the dry
[illegible] to Charney and
Hanney and Goosey in the valley of the Ock, which I

While there are a number of village names like those already mentioned having reference to the points of the compass, which are scattered broadcast over the face of England, while Woottons or Woodtowns abound wherever trees were plenty, Eatons wherever rivers fretting their banks have enclosed islands, Langleys wherever long meadows may have been a feature of the place, and Kingstons in the many localities which may have had special relations with one or other of our defunct sovereigns, yet it remains true that there is a certain character which distinguishes the place-names of different counties.

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ake to be the places that a recent writer of a charming ocal study has with pleasant mystery half disguised inder the title 'Islands of the Vale,' or northwards yet to the 'two Hinkseys,' beloved of Arnold, and those Thameside Cots, Buscot and Radcote and Kelmscott, fit home this last for the writer of *The Earthly Paradise*.

Somerset has a characteristic group of names in those of the villages of our West Country Fenland, the marshes of the Parret. What reader of Macaulay's account of Sedgemoor but has had his attention arrested by the names of Chedzoy and Middlezoy and Western Zoyland? How rustical again are Wookey and Shepton Mallet, and, to leave villages for a moment, what a charm lives in the name of Glastonbury, and yet more the Isle of Avalon! Apple island is what it means, no more. Yet about it there clings such a golden halo of mystery and romance that it is with something of a shock that one discovers it in the same county map with Clifton and Weston-super-Mare. No further west must we be tempted, though called by the land of Tor and Combe; as for the Cornish names, they are, like those of Wales, a thing apart, though that they are full of character no one will deny.

But of all the English counties it is surely Dorsetshire that bears the palm for the attractiveness of her village names. Where else will you find names so suggestive of pastoral peace as Melbury, so engaging to the imagination as Wynford Eagle and Iwerne Minster, so generous in their polysyllabic Latinity as Ryme Intrinseca and Whitchurch Canonicorum, pride of Marshwood Vale? Of names indicative of monastic antecedents Dorsetshire has not a few. Besides the Minsters, Yetminster, Beaminster, and Iwerne Minster, just mentioned, there

are Cerne Abbas (she stands with her sister village Upcerne remote beside the clear waters of the little Cerne), Melbury Abbas, Winterborne Abbas, and Milton Abbas (with what surprise and delight does one discover the great square tower of an ancient foundation rising from a wooded cup in those secluded hills[1]). Monastic too is Toller Fratrum, with its oddly named companion Toller Porcorum. It is the quaint fancy of a friend of mine that the addition to the latter is a nickname whereby the brethren of St John of Jerusalem, located at Upper Toller, indicated their contempt for the lower village, which was the abode of unlettered men mainly interested in the feeding of swine. However this may be, 'Pigs' Toller' is a humble place enough to-day, as one can testify who in its tiny hostelry has lunched off such fare as the place can produce at short notice, i.e. what Horace calls 'second' bread, small beer, and yet smaller cheese, the 'blue vinny' of the district.

Yet not all Dorsetshire names are above criticism. As you stand on the summit of Bulbarrow Hill and look westwards over Rawlbury Camp you shall see a sign-post, and on it the word Mappowder. Mappowder is the name of a village, but as a village name it is unconvincing and unattractive. *Incredulus odi* It had better been applied to some other use. Indeed, had I not followed the guiding hand I should have doubted the existence of a village so called. And this reminds me that scattered up and down the map you may still find names not merely improbable but impossible, and, as I believe, [illegible]
maker. A [illegible]
of Bucks. [illegible]
and I tho[illegible]
such a name the matter needed looking into. So I cycled

ough Buckinghamshire beechwoods, past clearings ere men were felling *fagus silvatica* to turn her into ndsor chairs, and I reached the spot where the map dicated the place called Cowesjeejeehanger. And I ood upon the plot of ground (it was upon the outirts of a village) and I asked all and sundry that ame within hearing, 'Is this Cowesjeejeehanger?' nd not one would admit that it was, and it was ery evident that they all thought me mad. But this s a digression.

If Dorsetshire comes first best in the order of meri for names, I should give Bedfordshire the last place on the list. The very name of the county, despite its ducal associations, is singularly unimpressive, and there is a peculiarly thin and meagre note about quite a number of Bedfordshire names. Old Warden is good, and Houghton Conquest; but Bletsoe and Silsoe and Potsgrove and Turvey and Blunham, and above all Biggleswade, with its indefinable suggestion (I speak as a fool) of hopeless lower-middle-class life—these are, well—Bedfordshire names. There is a Russian proverb that every country has the Jews it deserves. And since we are considering the place-names of English counties, and the most *répandu* of English place-names is Barton (I am told that there are sixty Bartons on the map of England), I feel inclined to recast the proverb and reproduce it in the form 'every county has the Bartons it deserves.' Now how does Bedfordshire stand this test?

Warwickshire has Barton-in-the-Heath (which sound breezy enough to suit Mr. Petulengro), and Leicester shire Barton-in-the-Beans (and thus placed, a Barto may well be a paradise in June), but Bedfordshi Bedfordshire has Barton-in-the-Clay. How dull! might be the original of the place which a popular di

(author of sundry stories of school life which as schoolboys we used to read with a kind of fascinated amazement at the unlikeness of the presentment to the reality which we knew) chose as the home of one of his characters, a boy of parts but handicapped by depressing surroundings—it might be the original of Fuzby-le-Mud, home of Kenrick in *St. Winifred's, or the World of School.*

Yet doubtless Bedfordshire has its admirers. Horace Walpole, who referred to Northamptonshire as 'a lump of mud, stuck over with steeples,' speaks of 'dear old Bedfordshire.' And if the name of your native place leaves something to be desired, so long as it be a real name and not selected from the *Classical Dictionary*, or invented for purposes of advertisement like Port Sunlight or Garden City, loyalty demands that you should stick to it. Apart from this a change is rarely a change for the better. I read the other day that a place called Mersea in Essex was to be developed and formed into two fashionable watering-places, and that these by special permission of royalty were to bear the names of Kingsville and Queensville. I yield to no man in devotion to the throne, yet I cannot help feeling that here we are getting perilously near to Briggsville and Jacksonville Fowlmere, which has of late years appeared in Ordnance maps in place of Foulmire, the denomination to which a Cambridgeshire village had long submitted, is, I believe, a genuine restoration of a corrupt reading But it was on no grounds of archaeological correctness that the unsuccessful applicants of whom I have now to speak based their claim to re-christen their native villages. There is in Dorset a group of villages which in some form or other have as their eponym the stream in whose

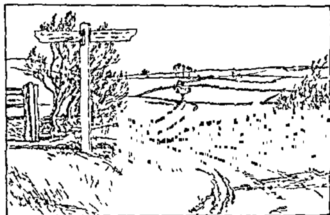
valley they are situated. The stream is named Puddle, and the villages bear the names of Puddle-Hinton, Puddletown, Tollpuddle, Affpuddle, Turner's Puddle, and Bryan's Puddle! One is reminded of the riddle about the letter 'm.' Some, like Queen Mary, 'have it before,' some, like King William, 'have it behind.' Poor things, poor things! The inhabitants of these villages sent to a former Postmaster-General—if I am rightly informed, Mr. Cecil Raikes—a request that they might be allowed to change their names, and replace them with more euphonious substitutes which they obligingly supplied. Back came the official reply, curt, overbearing, inexorable, 'Puddle you are, and Puddle you must remain.'

This ruling may seem all very well to those who live at Stow-on-the-Wold or Lydiard Millicent or Compton Winyates, but it may appear a difficult doctrine to those whom Fortune has caused to be born at Blunham or Bungay or Mumby Road. And yet I wrong the dwellers at these places by the wholly unwarranted assumption that they have ever had the smallest idea of changing the names referred to. For names become dear for many a good reason besides that of euphony. And here I feel I owe some apology to those the names of whose native places I have touched upon with the uncomprehending levity of the outsider. It was but for a moment's diversion, and it is not in this spirit that I turn from a superficial consideration of names which, quaint or beautiful, are but the labels of far more charming realities.

Villages of England, nestling beneath smooth downs, or lifted high on breezy wolds, bowered in woods where

The stream . . . Bryan's Puddle. But why, when you went to Tollpuddle and Affpuddle and Toller Porcorum, did you omit to record Tollpuddletrenthide?—C. R. L. F.

only the straight blue smoke of October days betrays your hiding, or pricking the sky with spires far seen across East Anglian flats, clustered round spacious greens or mirrored in slow-moving waters, how many an Englishman dying in lands far off has sought you with his inward vision, sought you and seen you clearly though his outward eye grew dim. We who with living eyes may still behold, salute you with a tribute of admiration and of love.



WHEN THE MAP IS IN TUNE

C. E. Montague: *The Right Place*

'I am told there are people who do not care for maps, and I find it hard to believe.'—R. L. Stevenson.

I

It hurts to think of the pleasures that people turn away from their doors. There are some who have not even learnt to read maps. 'Read' is the word mostly used, but 'tune' would be better. For, till you know the trick, a fine map is about the nearest thing there is to

> a cunning instrument cased up,
> Or, being open, put into his hands
> That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Unless you are a mountaineer, an engineer, or a surveyor, the odds are that the great illumination will escape you, all your life; you may return to the grave without having ever known what it is like when the contour lines begin to sing together, like the biblical stars.

Those contour lines are the crux. The beginner, the infant at this game, craves for a hill-coloured map, with its expressive coloured scale, from the lush green of alluvial meadows a few feet above the sea-level to sultry reddish-brown for Snowdon and the Cumbrian hills. Quite good things are they too, in their way, as pretty nursery rhymes are good till you grow up enough to like Shelley. They give you fine vivid notions about the general modelling of a country. In fact we might want nothing more if the part of the earth's crust which

stands up into the air were modelled like the part which lies under the sea. Of course the ocean floor is not flat. It has uplands and lowlands. But these rise and fall gently, in long sweeping slopes. Their low and softly undulating relief has been preserved in the sheltered peace of deep waters. That of lands exposed to the air has been everywhere lacerated and trenched, split up with wedges of ice, eroded by streams and battered and eaten by waves. So the irregularities of its surface have grown intricate and fantastic to a degree which cannot be fully expressed, on a map of practicable scale, by any system of colours that vary with heights

Almost the same may be said of those masterpieces of the map-engraver's art, the best of our old hill-shaded Ordnance maps In these you all but saw the actual slopes—at any rate the general slopes—of your hills and the tracts of high light along the ridges that they held up to the sun. Their summary of the make of a mountain mass, as a whole, is so vivid that to this day some of us prefer to walk the Derbyshire hills with no other map than this old thing of beauty, on which no railway is yet to be found threading Edale

But no true epicure of the map will remain long content with these elementary pleasures. Soon he finds that both hill-tinted maps and hill-shaded maps have [illegible]

distinguish the warty crown of Glaramara from Great Gable's regular dome. Only a few years ago our one-inch Ordnance map of Scawfell and its buttresses made the craggy north face of Great End look as if you could march a division of troops up or down it, big guns and all. There comes a time when the epicure craves fo

something at once more difficult and more richly stimulating and rewarding. He wants something on which to put forth his strength. And this he gets in any contour-lined map that is perfectly done. He gets it in some sheets, though not by any means all, of our one-inch Ordnance Survey. He gets it in a few special maps like the 1:50,000 Barbey map of the chain of Mont Blanc. Above all he gets it in every sheet of the glorious Siegfried map of Switzerland, the most wonderful representation ever given of mountainous land.

II

The maturing map-reader, planning his holidays in the hills, will now be able to know much more besides the height at which he would stand at any point on a fell path or on an open mountain side. The map will also tell him what he would see in every direction if he were there. The sensitively winding contour curves will show him from just what point on the Watendlath-Rosthwaite track the top of the Great End will come into sight. They will show him whether, from Seatoller Fell, Helvellyn will be within view, or whether the intervening Armboth Fell is just high enough to blot the greater mountain out. A glance at the condensing or spreading lines should tell him which side of Scawfell is a crag to be climbed and which is a turf slope to be walked. Before he has ever tramped up Borrowdale or Greenup Ghyll he will know how much of the valley in front will be hidden by each jutting promontory of high ground on either side.

As in the reading of printed words or a musical score, precision and speed in the reading of maps can pretty

rapidly be carried further and further. Soon the map is read, as it were, not word by word, but phrase by phrase; the meaning of whole passages of it leaps out; you see, with something like the summary grasp your eye would get of the actual scene, the long façades of precipice and hanging glacier that there must be where the blue contour lines crowd up closely together right under a peak of twelve thousand feet, with a northern exposure, and also the vast, gently sloping expanses of snowfield below, where the lines flow out wider and wider apart, expressing broad shelves, and huge, shallow basins hoisted on upper floors of the mountain. A musician's mental ear, I suppose, can hear directly,

shrunken whisper So the reader of maps is freed, before long, from the need to go through a conscious act of

these, others close together again, it means that there is here a hollow in the mountain', or 'Where the curvilinear contours change their course and all stab inwards pointedly towards the heart of the hill, roughly parallel to each other, make an acute angle, and then come out again to resume their old direction, it means a deep, narrow glen or gully running up the hill-side ' He has no more need to do that than you or I have to worry over the spelling and syntax of Keats in the *Ode to Autumn* The notation once learnt, the map conveys its own import with an immediateness and

vivacity comparable with those of the score or the poem. Convexities and concavities of ground, the bluff, the defile, the long mounting bulge of a grassy ridge, the snuggling hollow within a mountain shaped like a horse-shoe—all come directly into your presence and offer you the spectacle of their high or low relief with a vivid sensuous sharpness.

III

Much enjoyment of these delights can generate in the mind a new power of topographic portraiture, a knack of forming circumstantially correct visions of large patches of the earth's surface. You learn like a portrait-painter, to penetrate by the help of intuitive inference; you get at one thing through another. You see on a good map the course of the Mersey—short, traversing a plain for more than the latter half of its length; but also, in its head-streams the Etherow and the Goyt crossing rapid successions of contour lines in the Pennine moorlands of Longdendale and the Peak. You guess at once what the temper of such a river must be. For it is a very down-comer pipe, as a builder might say, in its upper course, to drain the steeper side of the much-drenched roof of the Pennine, from Buxton northward to somewhere near Oldham. Clearly a stream to be vexed with extravagant spates, swiftly rising and swiftly subsiding, before at last its pace wears itself out in the fat Cheshire flats, as the rushing and tearing Rhine of Bâle slows down in level Holland. Then you examine the Mersey on your map, in the lowland reaches just after it works clear of the hills; and, with a happy inward crow of satisfaction you see, if your map is a thoroughly good one, how the stream is flanked

Every educated person knows, in a sense, how the surface of England is modelled—how the formative ridge of the Pennine is dropped half-way down the country southwards like the firmer cartilage in the flesh of a widening nose, how the lateral bracket of the Lake hills is attached unsymmetrically to this central framework by the Shap bar, and so on. But few such persons conceive it with any imaginative energy or with the delight that such energy brings. The rest *have the kind of knowledge that lies dead in the mind*, as a classical education lies dead in the the minds of most of those who have had it It has to be raised from the dead by some evocatory miracle of appeal to the sensuous imagination—the king of imagination that rejoices to take up and carry on the work of a bodily sense at a point where bodily sense can go no further. The work is carried on, at the best, with so much of the eager immediacy of actual sight, or hearing, and so little of the dusty cloudiness of common abstract thought, that on a peak of the Alps you may obtain a sensation almost indistinguishable from seeing with the bodily eye the whole structure of the Apennines, the Lombard plain and the silted Venetian lagoon, laid out under your eye. Or from a bulge of high ground in our Midlands, where the Nen, the Welland, and the Bristol Avon rise almost together, you may suddenly feel that you see the whole complex of English rivers as sharply clear as you may see the rummaging roots of a bulb grown in a clear glass jar full of water.

These delights if you would have,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thus does the large-scale map woo the susceptible mind. Geography, in such a guise, is quite a different muse from the pedantic harridan who used to plague the spirit of youth with lists of chief towns, rivers and lakes, and statistics of leather, hardware, and jute.

IV

Conscience murmurs here that I may be muddling in somebody's mind the distinction between pictures and maps. So be it clearly set down that painters and map-makers do not, or should not, attempt to give you the same thing as each other. Least of all will they do so when each is working his best.

It is true that the early eighteenth-century fathers of the British art of water-colour—as much the one and only wholly British art, by birth, as the good moorland grouse is the one and only wholly British bird—were topographic draughtsmen rather than artists. They worked for land-owners and rich antiquarians and other great folk who wanted no fanciful visions but 'plain records of facts.' They learnt their jobs, in the main, from certain artisans who for two centuries past had got work, off and on, at tinting maps and engravings 'with gummed colours, but tempered very thinne and bodilesse,' as one old writer says. The early eighteenth-century men made pencil drawings which verged on sketch maps. These they ventured to tint very faintly, going at first little beyond the sober palette of the makers of modern auctioneers' plans of estates up for sale. No doubt they went in godly fear of losing their situations if they should launch out in heavenly colours like the oil-painters.

Again, it is true that some of the old hill-shaded Ordnance maps, engraved as with genius, verge upon the sphere of influence of art, if they do not trespass upon it. Some of their representations of mountains are almost temperamental; they awe or exhilarate you *with the sombre darkness of their mountain sides* and the brilliant high lights of the summit ridges where you come into the sun, here, you feel, is a measure of success, which can hardly be unconscious, in rendering the mountain glory and mountain gloom.

And yet neither of these compromises between art and science achieves, or could achieve, final success. The art of the old timidly tinting topographers, men like Dayes, Hearne, and Paul Sandby, is now seen to be of moment mainly as the childhood of something else, something that could not attain its own completeness until it came into the freedom with which Cox and Turner were one day to make it free. So, too, the old hill-shaded Ordnance maps can only strike us now as wonderful and beautiful attempts to do what is not possible. Maps are maps and pictures are pictures, and never the twain shall meet, for the better a map is, and the better a picture, the more deeply do they differ in intention and in effect

A painter who is worth his salt will flatly refuse to give you just the precise physical facts of a landscape. It is not his business His business is not to convey topographic information, but to express some emotion or other that he has felt in presence of that scene Not fact, but his personal sense of fact, not the correct relative sizes of peaks that stand up round the head of a glacier, but some individual mood or quality of awe, perhaps, that possessed him and may perhaps have possessed nobody else that ever stood beneath that

wall of wonder. To gain this end, he does, as a rule, bring into his picture something that may be made out to have some sort of likeness to what you or I might have seen from the point where he made his picture or sketch. In Turner's 'Mer de Glace' you can undoubtedly discern a wild remote resemblance to certain physical features of the ice-fall leading up to the Col du Géant. At any rate, it is quite as like the Mer de Glace as it is like several other glaciers of the Alps. His St. Gotthard drawings, too, you might be rather more likely to identify with the St. Gotthard than with the St. Bernard or Simplon, if you know them all. But such resemblances are of little account. Turner clearly valued them little. He always threw them aside if they got in the way of his absorbing plan for expressing some grand excitement of his in terms which would win a way for it into the mind or heart of the right person looking at the picture. When one of his big emotions flooded him in presence of a black Alpine defile or a crumbling Border castle, the one thing for which he manifestly did not try was to make the public presently cry out, 'How like it all is!' He treated crag and torrent, castle and forest and bridge, as so many freely transposable objects; he increased or diminished their comparative sizes as he thought fit; he moved them about and tried them in various relative positions, as poets shift their words about to make a line sound better; they and their sites and sizes, their make and texture, were no more to him than notes to be grouped at will into any chords that he might prefer for the working out of his tune.

So the most perfect of pictures may have no topographic value at all. As a guide to the traveller's feet it may delude and lead astray. Small blame to it. Guiding is not its business. So long as an artist is true to himself

it matters little how false he may be to geography, geology, or history. The Antony or the Macbeth of Shakespeare may well be completely unlike the original sinner bearing the name Who cares? Perhaps both were dull men in the flesh; and, if so, what a mercy that Shakespeare has drawn them all wrong; their falsification was vastly worth while. If you know how to keep apart things that God has sundered, you do not go to Shakespeare or Turner for positive information about the lives or the measurements of the people and places that set their genius into action. You go to them for admittance into their personal confidence, not to find 'the real Caesar' or get tips for worrying out walking routes in the Alps, but to be taken up for the moment into the state of wise and beautiful passion in which these rare creatures do their work.

Still, it is into another's passion that you are admitted by art. Not what you ever felt for yourself when gazing out from *Richmond Hill*, but what the spirit of Turner felt at the instance of that expanse of champaign and river, not your own inarticulate tumult of joy in presence of Tuscan vistas of cypress and poplar, but the serene, clear-running ecstasy of John Bellini before the same

nature herself. Each in his own poor way, we have to play Turner as well as we can, and make our delight or our awe *articulate to ourselves in some selecting* and composing reverie over such bits of the world as are ours to behold

V

In nature a great landscape is nearly always rather bewildering. Even more than other contents of experience, it seems to bury us under the multitude of separate objects that it offers for our perception. Each detail that we see cries out to be separately observed. Their relations to one another, their several shares in the make-up of the scene as a whole, are more shy. They keep themselves to themselves. From any central peak in a great mountain range you see all round you a host of white points like the tops of trees in a thin forest when seen from the top of a tree specially tall. You may see nothing at all of that which makes the whole mountain range, unlike the more fortuitous aggregation of trees, a single organism or cunningly sustained arrangement, so that no drop of snow that falls on the tip of any peak will have trouble in travelling down an unbroken sequence of inclined planes, diversified with a few sheer drops, all the way to the sea. The scene, it may well be, looks grand, in a way, but capricious and baffling; its pell-mell profusion of grandeur may rouse in you little more than a kind of baulked willingness to admire, if you could but see it, the chain of dependence which runs throughout the whole physical world. There, when confusion threatens, the map comes in to your aid.

Its service, like that of a field-glass, is quite unemotional. Unlike all the arts, cartography leaves you to work up for yourself what emotion you may in the presence of Himalayas or Alps. It only offers to extend your power of perceiving what the physical elements of that scene are, how they are related to one another as causes or effects, and how their several functions

take their places within the larger general function of a mountain-range as a moderator of rivers and a sculptor of lands. No first-rate map-maker attempts to 'come the poet' over you. None tries to compound any atmosphere of august melancholy to fill his large-scale map of Venice, or of majesty and mystery for his sheets of the Central and East Pennine Alps His line is 'Feel anything that you like, or that you can. Your feelings are your affair, and mine are mine. I offer merely to enlarge your power of sight and of comprehension. I give you, not emotion, but a reinforcement of that basis of bodily sense and intellectual penetration on which *some kind of emotion may or may not afterwards rest.*'

So to its other fascinations a great map like the Siegfried adds the fascination of a lofty reserve It goes, to all appearance unmoved, into the most moving of places The men who drew its higher glacier contours lived for weeks at a time in remote huts, or passed their nights in sleeping-sacks on rocks or the snow, under frosty stars. Thence they would go out to work when the pomp of dawn was beginning The work was sometimes stopped by storms that made the steel of their axes spit fire and sing; all the claps of thunder and their echoes would become one continuous, undulant roar They carried their loads of instruments and marking-stakes up and down hundreds of steps slowly cut in steep slopes of hard blue ice *Sometimes one of them slipped. After* a tour of duty up in the snows, where your eyes come to feel as if their lids were cut off, the map-men would descend some evening to where greenness begins like a balm to hurt minds and the streams make happy little sounds among Alpenrosen. But not a trace of anything that they may have felt has passed into these austere records of theirs. There is one glory of the sun and

another of the moon: it is a great thing that what Byron saw of the Alps should have stirred him to break out in glorious rant about his own personal sensations among them; it is great, too, that a different breed of men should be content, by way of their work, to sink utterly everything that is personal to them in its doing, so that when the work is done and its reticent tale is at every one's service,

> no one asks
> Who or what they have been
> More than he asks what waves
> In the moonlit solitudes mild
> Of the midmost ocean have swelled,
> Foamed for a moment, and gone.

Immense as our admiration must be for all who can talk to magnificent purpose about their own uncommon selves, one may admire, too, the magnificence of the unbroken silence of others.

Thus utterly different from the artist, the map-maker fastens upon you in quite a different state of yourself. There is a time for yielding your mind to the passionate mood into which some great artist has passed at the instance of something that he sees: you melt with a luxurious self-surrender into the golden pensiveness of Vergil as he gazes at a river laving immemorial walls; or you sink back and bask, with a will, in the visionary lustre of Turner's 'Dido building Carthage' or the sad sunshine of Thackeray's *Esmond*. But there are times, too, when you will take your emotions at nobody's hand. You want now not to borrow but to make. You are impelled to put forth directly upon what is around you whatever you have in yourself of the power of direct and independent feeling which everybody has in some degree, though it may only rise to momentous

heights in a few people of genius You wish to see, perhaps, the Alps or the English Lake hills through none of the beautiful kinds of stained glass that Byron and Ruskin, Turner and Wordsworth would interpose between your sight and these things 'as they are,' but through the glass, whatever its tint or its tintlessness may be, of your private temperament. And here the right map, explicit, exact, and ungushing, seconds your effort.

'Things as they are'—the old phrase, no doubt, is a trap. It implies some assumptions that seem to fade away into nonsense or nothing as soon as strict thought sets about its destructive work of analysis. Still, it may be used with due caution to signify those aspects of external things which fall under the jurisdiction of science rather than of art—all that can be measured, defined, referred to known causes and studied in its established effects. The phrase helps us to make clear to ourselves, so far as such clearness is not delusive, the distinction between our emotions and their objects, between our love and the enemy's attack or the storm's violence, between our own awe and the physical proportions of Westminster Abbey. Whatever philosophy may dissolve in the crucible minds of philosophers, we [illegible] ion that [illegible] dividual [illegible] having perceived them, we then have, or may have, various feelings about them The map is our friend at the second of these stages of approach to such emotions as we can muster.

It makes our perception go further, because it marshals into lucidity a mess of mixed, haphazard objects of perception. Into the inexpressive confusion which

wide tracts of country present at first to the eye it brings an approach to simplicity and articulateness. It cannot be said that you are seeing as much from the summit of the Grand Combin, if you have no map, and can only see vague masses of black and white in the distance, as you see when you know that one high mass of white, about eighty miles off, is the Dauphiné Meije, and that a low dark mass in the north is the Black Forest. Telescope, compass, and map will all combine to extend your power of apprehending what you see. To love things you must know them, and these assistants will abridge for you the work of getting to know. By lightening that labour they leave your mind fresher and more full of spring, to put itself forth in the exercise of that curious mixed faculty which occupies a borderland between bodily sense and imagination, or between direct perception and creative thought. You may call it a trick of enhancing for the moment the subtlety and reach of a bodily sense. Or you may call it a knack of lending to imagined things an exceptional portion of the sharp and importunate reality of a piquant object of sense. It is that which brings all England into sight and stretches Europe itself out under your eyes like a map spread out on a floor.

ADMIRALS ALL—TO BE

E. V. Lucas: *'Twixt Eagle and Dove*

(Written during the War)

It is fitting that the naval training college from which our midshipmen go straight to sea should be situated in Drake's county. This means that they breathe the right air, and, through the gap made by the rocky mouth of the Dart, look out from their commanding eminence upon a triangle of the right blue water. Drake also gives his noble name to one of the Terms

I saw Dartmouth both at work and at play, and am still not sure which was which. Whether the boys were at football on those high table-lands where, at the

signal instructors in the gun-rooms; or acquiring the principles of navigation, or collecting the constituents of a variegated tea in the canteen, or singing *God Save the King* in chapel (all three verses), or grappling with logarithms, or swimming vociferously in the bath —whatever they are doing, there seems to be at the back of it the same spirit and zeal Even the four or five offenders whom I saw expiating in punishment drill their most recent misdeeds appeared to have a zest.

Literature and the Navy have always had their

liaison; and after studying two or three recent numbers of *The Britannia Magazine*, the organ of the cadets, I see every chance of a new crop of Captain Marryats and Basil Hoods; while there is promise of an excellent caricaturist or so, too. Compared with the ordinary run of school periodicals, this is rather striking. I fancy that I discern a fresher and more independent outlook and a rather wider range of interest. The natural history articles, for example, are unusually good, and some of the experiences of war, by midshipmen, are vivid and well done; and amid the fun and nonsense, of which there is a plentiful infusion, there is often a sagacious irony. Among this fun I find, in prose, an account of the Battle of St. Vincent, in the manner of Uncle Sam at his most idiomatic, which would not disgrace a seriously comic periodical and must be quoted. Nelson, I should premise, has just defeated the Spaniards. Then—

'Say, stranger,' asked H. N., as the dons mushed around with their surrenders, 'is this a business proposition or a sad-faced competition at a dime show?'

'Gee-whizz!' said the Spanish Ad., 'we reckon we 're bored some. My name is Muckheap, and I don't seem to get gay any old way.'

'Bully for you, old Corpse-face,' Nels replied; 'hand out your ham-carvers and then run around and fix yourself an eye-wizzler!'

And so they passed in real swift.

And did the British Fleet push in the glad cry right away when Nels put in his entrance? Why, sure!

As for the verse, which is both grave and humorous, nothing gives me more pleasure and satisfaction than the rapid but exhaustive summary of England's effort at sea comprised in the following very confident couplets:

OUR BLOCKADE

And the fat Boche from Pomerania,
Afflicted with potato-mania,
Expects to get the same in Grodno
And does he get it? O good lud no!

The Navy, we know, does not advertise, but there is no harm in its nestlings saying a good word for it now and then.

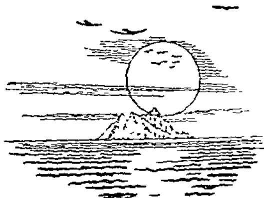
Of all the things that I saw at Dartmouth, I shall retain, I think, longest—against that comely smiling background of gay towers and brickwork on the hill —the memory of the gymnasium and the swimming bath. Compared with Dartmouth's physical training, with its originality, ingenuity, thoroughness, and keenness, all other varieties become unintelligent and savourless. This is fitness with fun—and is there a

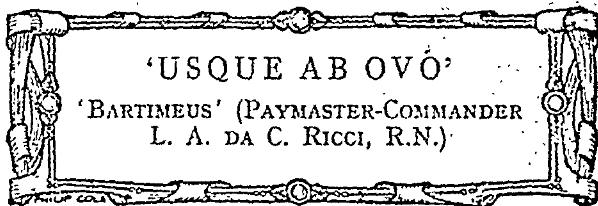
better mixture? As for the swimming bath, it is always the abode of high spirits, but to see it at its best you must go there directly after morning service on Sunday. It is then that the boys really become porpoises—or, rather, it is then that you really understand why porpoises are always referred to as moving in 'schools.' I know nothing of the doctrine that is preached normally at the College, for I heard only a sermon by a visiting dignitary of notable earnestness and eloquence, but I assume it to be beyond question. If, however, a heresy should ever be propounded no harm would be done; for the waters of the swimming bath would instantly wash it away. As one of the officers remarked to me (of course in confidence), he always looked upon this after-service riot of splashing and plunging as an instinctive corrective of theological excess. On these occasions the bath becomes a very cauldron, bubbling with boy.

It was cheering indeed, as I roamed about this great competent establishment, to be conscious of such an undercurrent of content and *joie de vivre*. At Dartmouth in particular is this a matter for satisfaction, since the College is likely to be, for the boys, a last link with the land—with solid England, the England of fields and trees and game and friends—for many years. Of all boys who deserve a jolly boyhood, these naval cadets, I think, come first; for the sea is a hard mistress and they are plighted to her. And never was she harder than now. Once they embark as midshipmen—all too young in these bitter, desperate days of warfare—responsibility is upon them; none of our sons need to grow up more quickly. As to the glamour of the sea, one of the cadet poets becomes lyrical about it—'I can hear,' he sings—it is in a recent number of *The Britannia Magazine*:

I can hear the sea a-calling,
Calling me;
Calling of its charms,
Of its tempests and its calms
I 've lived upon the mainland,
But I 'll die upon the sea!

May the fulfilment of his wish be long deferred! But, beneath the glamour, the fact remains that, for all her pearls, the sea demands everything that her sailors can [illegible] the mainland life of these boys dedicated to her service should be so blithe.





REMINISCENCES of those days 'in the distance enchanted' never come in an orderly procession according to the original sequence of events. Some, for reasons quite inexplicable, jostle their way to the fore readily enough. Others, dim and elusive, hover in the background, and only respond to the lure of firelight and tobacco smoke ascending incense-wise from the depths of the arm-chair.

Sooner or later, though, they can all be caught and held for the moment needed to record them. The difficulty is to know where to start. . . .

Harker is foremost among the 'thrusters' in the surging crowd of memories of the old *Britannia* days. Harker, with his piercing, rather melancholy eyes, his black beard and tattooed wrists, and his air of implacable ferocity that for months succeeded in concealing from his term a heart as tender as a woman's.

His name was not actually Harker, of course; but he is probably still alive, and even retired chief petty officers of the Royal Navy have their susceptibilities. He was a term C.P.O.—mentor, wet-nurse, 'sea-daddy,' the outward and visible embodiment of Naval Discipline to sixty-odd naval cadets who yesterday were raw schoolboys and to-day wear the king's uniform and eke brass buttons—a transition unhinging enough to more matured souls than those of his charges.

How he succeeded in conveying within the space of the first evening the exceedingly unfamiliar routine of training-ship life, that art of turning into a hammock, the necessity for keeping their chests locked, the majesty of the term lieutenant and the omnipotence of the chief cadet captains, to sixty bewildered fifteen-year-olds, only he knows.

Yet he harried none, they were conscious of him as a flock of disconcerted sheep are aware of a wise collie. His voice was never still. It was to be presumed that he slept at some mysterious time during the twenty-four hours, and yet his square, compact form seemed to be [illegible]

[illegible] first night, it was Harker who appeared noiselessly out of the shadows to tuck him in again.

Their names he had pat within twenty-four hours; this tightened his grip of the term instantly, but it also [illegible] canny. Indeed, [illegible] ard yourself one moment as an insignificant and unknown unit among two hundred and fifty others, and in this comfortable reflection to lean in a *dégagé* attitude against the white paintwork (one of the seven deadly sins) then to hear admonition and your name, coupled together like chain-shot, ring out along the crowded main-deck. Harker had seen you

There were other C.P.O.s on board each term owned one. But they were, by comparison with Harker, sorry fellows. One was reputed to be given to beating the big drum at Salvation Army meetings ashore, garbed, moreover, in a scarlet jersey. Hotly his term denied it, but the story was stamped with the unimpeachable authority

of the boatswain's mate of the lower-deck: a godless seaman, conversation with whom, being of a spicy and anecdotal nature, was forbidden.

Another was admittedly of a good enough heart, but a sentimentalist, and consequently to be despised. On the occasion of the chastisement of an evil-doer, his was the arm chosen to administer the strokes with all the pomp and circumstance of an official execution. He laid the strokes on well and truly—that much the victim himself admitted. But when he turned from his duty his eyes were observed to have tears in them. His term had in consequence to adopt an apologetic manner for a considerable time afterwards.

It was a similar scene, but one in which Harker played the Lord High Executioner, that must here be recorded. The setting alone was sufficient to strike awe and even terror into the spectators' hearts. And now, after the lapse of years, recalling the circumstances of that harrowing quarter of an hour, it is doubtful whether there was not just some such motive behind the grim circumstance that led up to the painful consummation.

The scene was the orlop-deck. What light there was came in through the open gun-ports, slanting upwards off the water. Not cheering sunlight, you understand, but a greenish sickly gleam that struggled ineffectually with the shadows clinging like vampires among the low oak beams overhead.

The victim's term were fallen-in in a hollow square about the horse—a block of wood supported on short legs, with ring-bolts and canvas straps hanging from each corner. Then there came a pause. Possibly the captain had not finished his breakfast; or perhaps Harker had for once made a mistake and got his term there too early. But for the space of several minutes

(or weeks, or years) the term stood in shuddering contemplation of this engine.

Then one of the spectators, the victim of either an over-rich imagination or an acutely sensitive conscience, dramatically fainted and was borne forth. After that things began to happen. The malefactor appeared, accompanied by Harker. The captain, the term lieutenant, and (a thrill ran through the onlookers) the surgeon followed. It was half expected that the chaplain would also join the group and administer ghostly consolation to the culprit, who, it must be reluctantly admitted, looked rather pleased with himself.

His offence was not one to alienate him from the hearts of his fellows. If memory serves aright, he had been overheard to refer to his late crammer in terms that may or may not have been just, but were certainly not the way a little gentleman should talk But his term—or most of them—were still smarting under the recollections of crammers' methods and were disposed to regard the delinquent's lapse rather more as a pardonable ebullition of feeling than a breach of morality In short he was a bit of a hero

'Chief Petty Officer Harker,' said the stern voice of the term lieutenant, 'do your duty.' The harrowing preliminaries completed, Chief Petty Officer Harker did it, as was to be expected of him, uncommonly well

The victim took it, as was also to be expected of him, uncommonly well It was not long before these lines were written that he was called upon to meet a sterner and his last ordeal. The pity is that no spectator can bear testimony to the worthier courage with which he must have met it.

Harker it was who smelt it out, like a Zulu w doctor, the grass snake and dormouse that live

of communistic ease and reflection in the washing till of someone's sea-chest. Harker's the suspicious mind that led to official 'ruxes' of private tills, and the confiscation of meerschaum pipes, Turkish cigarettes, and other contraband. Yet all this without any effect of espionage.

The nearest approach to active espionage that Harker permitted himself was hovering in the vicinity of the gangway when the terms were landed for daily recreation. The law of the Medes and Persians had it that during cold weather all cadets not playing games must land wearing a particularly despicable form of undergarment: a woolly and tucked-into-the-socks abomination that the soul of every right-minded cadet revolted from. As the procession passed under the low gangway on its way to the launches alongside, Harker, lurking in the vicinity, would suddenly pounce upon a suspect.

''Ave we got our DRAWERS on, Mr. So-and-so?' came the merciless query. The progress of the procession was arrested while Mr. So-and-so racked his brains for some suitable parry to this very leading question. A damning negative having eventually been extorted, the underclad one was hauled from the ranks and given three minutes in which to get to his chest, extract from his wardrobe the garment that found such high favour in Olympian eyes, put it on, and rejoin the tail of the procession. Thus a first offender; a second offence resulted in 'no landing.' There was no appeal.

The muddy, tired, ever-hungry throng that returned some three hours later again passed on board under this lynx-eyed surveillance. This time illicit 'stodge was the subject of Harker's unquenchable suspicions.

Smuggling stodge on board (another of the seven deadly sins) required considerable ingenuity, owing t

the ban the authorities thought necessary to impose on pockets

Regular outfitters pandered to this Olympian whim, and constructed trousers with an embryonic fob just large enough to hold a few coins. The unorthodox, who arrived with garments bearing the stamp of provincialism and pockets, were bidden to surrender them forthwith, and stout fingers ruthlessly sewed the pockets up.

The jacket had only one, a breast pocket already congested by keys, handkerchief, letters from home, pet bits of indiarubber, and the like Remained therefore the despised garment already alluded to. This, being tucked—by official decree—into the wearer's socks, formed an admirable hold-all for a packet of butterscotch—worked flat—a snack of Turkish delight, or a peculiar and highly favoured form of delicacy known as 'My Queen'

With a not too saintly expression, an unflinching eye, and a sufficiently baggy pair of trousers, the contrabandist might count on a reasonable amount of success. But Harker's X-ray glance rarely failed him.

That stern, incisive voice would rivet all eyes upon the culprit just when the muster by the officer of the day had been completed, and the long ranks awaited the stentorian dismissal of the chief cadet captain.

'Mr. Z.! You 'll step along to the sick-bay when we falls out.'

The blanched smuggler clutched at his momentarily abandoned halo of rectitude.

'Sick-bay!' he echoed indignantly. 'Why the sick-bay? There 's nothing wrong with me—I swear there isn't. I never felt better in my life.'

'That there nasty swelling on your shin,' was the pitiless reply, 'did ought to be seen to at once.' A

draught, that had fluttered the carefully selected baggy trousers against their wearer's legs, had been his undoing. The game was up.

Like all truly great men, Harker could unbend without discipline suffering an iota. As the months passed and his term of fledgling 'News' acquired the modest dignity of 'Threes' (second-term cadets), Harker's methods changed. He was no longer the detective, inquisitor, encyclopaedia of a thousand unfamiliar phrases, events, and objects. His term were on their feet now, treading in their turn paths fiercely illumined by the new first term's gaping admiration and curiosity. They were an example.

''Ow long 'ave we been in the *Britannia?*' he would demand reproachfully when some breach of the laws called for reproof. ''Ere we are in our second term, an' talkin' about HUP-STAIRS!'

The scorn in his voice was like a whip-lash.

'When you young gentlemen goes to sea you won't find no STAIRS!'

When they went to sea! That was the gradually increasing burden of his song. For a while it presented a picture too remote almost for serious contemplation. It was practically a figure of speech, meaningless. But as time went on, and the successive dignities of 'Sixer' and 'Niner' (third and fourth—the last—terms) loomed up and passed into reality, and at last the Great War of the final examination alone stood between them and the sea-going gunrooms of the Fleet, the words took on their real significance.

Harker abandoned even sarcasm. He became guide, philosopher, and friend, a patient mentor always accessible—generally somewhere on the chest-deck—in leisure hours to thirsters after knowledge. Was one shaky in

that branch of nautical lore known as 'Bends and Hitches'? Harker's blunt fingers tirelessly manipulated the end of a hammock-lashing until the pupil could make even a 'sheep-shank' with his eyes shut.

Another would bring him, in a welter of grease and ravelled strands, a tortured mass of hemp-rope.

'It's meant to be a Long Splice,' was the explanation, 'but I don't seem to get it right—ever,' and with a despondent sigh it would be thrust into Harker's hands.

Harker would examine the interwoven strands, twisting it to and fro with jerks of his powerful wrists, pulling taut here, tucking something in there, and lo! the thing took shape.

'This is where you goes wrong, Mr. P., every time!' (Recollect there were sixty odd in his term.) 'Don't forget what I'm always telling you You splits the middle strands, and then an over-'and knot in the opposite 'alves. . . .' It always looked so easy when Harker did it.

It was during the last night on board that Harker rose to heights truly magnanimous. The fourth term regarded it as its right and privilege, on the last night of the term, to hold high carnival until sleep overtook them. Cadet captains [illegible]

cutting down the prig who yearned for slumber, lashing-up a victim in his hammock and leaving him upside-down to reflect on certain deeds of the past year that earned him this retribution, floating about on gratings on the surface of the plunge baths, and generally celebrating in a fitting manner the eve of the day that was to herald in new responsibilities and cares.

Harker, who for fifteen months had haunted the shadows on the look-out for just such a 'rux,' whose

ear caught every illicit sound—even the crunch of the nocturnal butterscotch—Harker was for once unseeing and unseen. It needed but this crowning act of grace to endear him for ever to his departing flock.

Yet he had one more card to play, and played it as he passed in farewell from carriage to carriage of the departing train. Further, he dealt it with accentuated emphasis for the benefit of those he thought needed the reminder most.

'Gosh!' ejaculated such a one when Harker passed to the next carriage: he flopped back on to his seat. 'Did you hear? He said "sir!" to each one of us when he said good-bye!'

So much for Harker. But he brought with him a number of other memories entangled somehow about his personality, and on these it may be as well to enlarge a little ere they slip back into the limbo of the forgotten past.

It says much for the vividness of Harker's personality that he outran in these reminiscences the memory of 'stodge.' Certainly few interests loomed larger on the horizon of these days than the contents of the two canteens ashore.

There was one adjacent to the landing-place: a wise forethought of the authorities, enabling a fellow to stay his stomach during the long climb from the river to the playing-fields, where the principal canteen stood.

'Stodge' was of a surpassing cheapness. That much was essential when the extent of the weekly pocket-money was limited (if memory is to be trusted) to one shilling. Further, it was of a pleasing variety, certain peculiar combinations, hallowed by tradition, being alone unchanging.

Of these the most popular was the 'Garry Sandwich.'

Components: a half-stick of chocolate cream sandwiched between two 'squashed-fly' biscuits; the whole beaten thin with a cricket-bat, gymnasium shoe, or other implement handy. The peculiarity of this particular form of dainty bribe wherewith to c the septuagenarian k moral atmosphere of the boat-house, in consequence of its custodian's sweetness of tooth, came in time to resemble that of a Chinese yamen.

Another delicacy about which legend clustered was the 'Ship's Bun,' split in half, with a liberal cementing *of Devonshire cream and strawberry jam oozing out* at the sides. Concerning the bun itself, the maternal solicitude of the authorities extended one gratis to each cadet ashore on half-holidays lest the impecunious should hunger unnecessarily between lunch and tea. The buns were obtainable on application at the counter, whence the daughter of the proprietor—whom we will call Maunder—was charged with the duty of issuing them.

How she pretended to remember the two and a half hundred faces that presented themselves in surging crowds round the counter at 4 p.m. is more than her present recorder can say. But even as she extended a bun to the outstretched grubby hand of a supplicant, an expression of vixen-like indignation and cunning would transform her features.

'You 've 'ad a bun afore!' she would snap shrilly, withdrawing the bounty in the nick of time The hungry petitioner, cheerfully acknowledging defeat in a game of bluff, would then withdraw, pursued by Miss Maunder's invective.

All the same she was not infallible, and on occasions hot protestations and even mutual recrimination rang

to and fro across the counter. Appeal, ultimately carried to Mr. Maunder, was treated in much the same way as it is by croupiers at Monte Carlo. A gentleman's word is his word. But it is as well not to be the victim of too many mistakes.

Maunder who was occupied with the stern responsibility of catering for the whim of the rich, had a way of recapitulating the orders from the beginning, adding up aloud as the count went on, thus:

Cadet. A strawberry ice, please, Maunder.

Maunder. One strawberry ice tuppence.

Cadet. Oh, and a doughnut, while you 're about it.

Maunder. One strawberry ice one doughnut thruppence.

Cadet. That 's just to go on with. Then in a bag I want a stick of cream chocolate . . .

Maunder. One strawberry ice one doughnut one stick of cream chocolate fourpence.

Cadet (breathlessly). And a bottle of barley sugar and a 'My Queen' and four Garry biscuits and half a pound of cherries and a bottle of lemonade and one of ginger-beer and—that 's all, I think.

Maunder (coming in a little behind, chanting, the general effect being that of a duet in canon). One strawberry ice one doughnut one stick cream chocolate one bottle barley sugar one 'My Queen,' etc., etc., etc. . . . *And* a bag one an' thruppence 'a'-penny. . . . Thank you, sir. Next, please.

On occasion demigods walked among the children of men. The visits of the Channel Fleet to Torbay usually brought over one or two of a lately departed term, now midshipmen by the grace of God and magnificent beyond conception.

It was their pleasure, these immaculately clad visitors,

to enter the canteen, greet Maunder with easy familiarity and Miss Maunder with something approaching gallantry, slap down a sovereign on the counter and cry free stodge all round. They would even unbend further, dallying with a strawberry ice in token of their willingness to be as other men, and finally depart in a cloud of cigarette smoke and hero-worship.

This record is not concerned with the fact that on their return on board their ship, some hours later, one suffered stripes for having forgotten to lock his chest before he went ashore, and the other, being the most junior of all the junior midshipmen, was bidden swiftly to unlace the sub's boots and fetch his slippers.

To every dog his day.

Random memories such as these necessarily present individuals and incidents, not in the sequence of their importance in the cosmos as one sees it now, but as they appeared to the vision of the Navel Cadet, whose world was an amiable Chaos.

Thus the captain flickers through his kaleidoscope an awesome bearded figure, infinitely remote from the small affairs of that teeming rabbit-warren of youth More readily comes to mind the picture of his lady wife, white-haired, with clear eyes and gentle voice, a memory somehow entangled with geraniums in red pots about the moulded stern-gallery and tea on Sunday afternoons in the spacious chintz-draped after-cabin· with irksome football sprains, and brief puerile illnesses made more endurable by her visits to the cotside.

The commander, though less awesome than the captain, approached the mortal in that he stooped at times to wrath. His was the cold eye before which the more hardened malefactors quailed, his the rasping

voice that jerked the four terms to attention at Division
each morning:

'Young Gentlemen, 'shun!'

The English public schoolboy is conscious of youth and takes the fact of being a gentleman for granted But to hear himself addressed by a designation tha combined both qualities was a never-staling subjec for inward mirth and a weird self-congratulation difficul of analysis. It conveyed a hint of coming manhood an responsibilities: it was the voice of the navy, bendin on the leading-strings, heard for the first time.

But on a plane far nearer earth stood the Tern Lieutenants, each one the god and hero, the Big Brothe of his term. That they, their Boxer or South Africa medal ribbons, their tattoo-marks, County or Inter national caps, biceps, and all the things that wer theirs, were the objects of their respective Terms slavish adulation, goes without saying. Bloody en counters between their self-appointed champions ove an adverse criticism or doubt cast upon a forgotte word was not unknown. Two entire terms once joine battle and bled each other's noses the length an breadth of the echoing 'Skipper Woods' to clinc some far-flung argument as to the merits of thei respective 'Loots.'

There were but four Term Lieutenants, and the were picked from the wardrooms of the whole nav Small wonder some three hundred grubby urchins fres from school found in them admirable qualities.

Their example and teaching were the moulds int which, year by year, the molten metal of the navy' officer-personnel was poured, thence to be scattere about the seven seas, tempered by winds and stres and, in God's good time, tested to the uttermost.

[illegible]

Providence beneath their thumbs. But on board it seemed they faded from ken, being rarely seen save at classes and musters, or when in pairs the Term percolated through the wardroom for dessert, plastered as to the hair, patent leather shod, to sip and cough over a glass of ambrosial port at either elbow of their Lieutenant.

Seeing and unseen, knowing their Terms as only men who spend their lives among men can know and understand the embryo, they were the guiding invisible wisdom behind the Cadet Captains, who outwardly [illegible]

they wore 'stand-up' collars and a triangular gold badge on the left cuff.

Minor Authority in other guises was greeted much the same as it is in all communities of boyhood. The platitudes of notice boards no fellow with his heart in the right place could be expected to remember over-well. The acknowledged sway of instructors and masters was largely a matter of knowing to a nicety how far an adventurous spirit could go (in the realms of science and freehand drawing it was a long way) before the [illegible]

[illegible] He was theirs, and they were *his*: *thus* it had been from the beginning.

There was, however, one voice that rarely *repeated* an order, one court from which appeal, if possible, was undreamed of—that of the Cadet Captain. Their rule

was without vexatious tyranny, but it was an iron rule. The selection of these Cadet Captains was done carefully, and mistakes were few. The standard of the whole was no mean one, and for three months the Lieutenant of the First Term had been studying the raw material, working with it, playing with it, talking to it—or rather listening while it talked to him. . . . Thus Cadet Captains were chosen, and the queer eager loyalty with which the rest paid them allegiance was the first stirring of the quickened naval spirit, foreshadowing that strange fellowship to be, brotherhood of discipline and control, of austerity and a half-mocking affectionate tolerance.

To the Cadet Captains perhaps can be attributed the passage, almost untarnished through the years, of the *Britannia* traditions. They were concerned, these youthful Justices of the Peace, with more than the written law. It they enforced right enough, but with a tolerance one might expect of fifteen summers' administering the foibles and rules of fifty. On the other hand, did a 'New' unbutton a single button of his monkey jacket, a 'Three' deign to swing his keys, a 'Sixer' to turn up his trousers or tilt his cap on the back of his head (the prerogative of the 'Niner' or Fourth Term), and Nemesis descended upon him ere he slept that night. Nemesis, by virtue of its unblemished character and the favour its triangular badge found in the eyes of the gods, was allowed to turn in half an hour after the remainder. It occupied itself during this time in guzzling cocoa and biscuits smeared with strawberry jam, provided for its delectation by the authorities—though the cost was said to be defrayed by the parents of the common herd relegated to hammocks and the contemplation of this orgy out of one drowsy though envious eye.

Biscuits finished, Nemesis would draw from his pocket a knotted 'togie' of hemp, and, having removed traces of jam from his features, proceed to administer summary justice in the gloom where the hammocks swung.

It was, of course, grossly illegal and stigmatized by the authorities as 'a pernicious system of private and unauthorized punishments.' But the alternative was open to any who cared to appeal to Caesar. Appealing to C

on

tim

by a bored bandsman.

So summary justice ruled, and it ruled in this wise:

'Shove your knuckles outside that blanket—you needn't pretend to be asleep. . . .'

Chorus of snores deafening in their realism and self-conscious rectitude from the wrong-doer's neighbours.

'You were slack attending belly-muster for the third time running. . . .'

'I swear . . .'

'You'd better not. You'll get six more for swearing. ..'

'Ow!'

'*Don't* make such a rux. . . '

'Ow!'

'If you yell you 'll get double.'

'Ow!'

'That 's for being slack. Now the other hand. . . . That 's for "nerving"' (modernized=swanking) 'with your thumbs in your beckets. . . .'

'Ow!'

Belly-muster. 'Belly-muster,' as its name gracefully implies, was a parade of lightly-clad suspects in procession past the sick-bay while the lynx-eyed surgeon scanned each brisket for traces of incipient chicken-pox rash

'*Shut* up! Stick your knuckles out properly.'
'I swear I didn't—ow! . . . Good night.'

. . . .

Memories, ah, memories! Haphazard but happy as only the far-off things can seem, half revealed through the mist of years. Grim old cradle of the Eternal Navy, there lies on my desk a blotting-pad hewed from your salt timbers; it may be that some whimsical ghost strayed out of it to provoke these random recollections. Does it, I wonder, ever unite with other ghosts from chiselled garden-seat or carved candlestick, and there on the moonlit waters of the Dart refashion, rib by rib, keel and strake and stempost, a Shadow Ship?

And what of the Longshoremen Billies that plied for hire between the shore and after-gangway—Johnnie Farr (whom the Good Lawd durstn't love), Hannaford of the wooden leg, and all the rest of that shell-backed fraternity? Gone to the haven of all good ships and sailormen: and only the night wind, abroad beneath the stars, whispers to the quiet hills the tales of sharks and pirates and the Chiny seas that once were yours and ours.

But what familiar faces throng once more the old decks and cluster round the empty ports! Is it only to fond memory that you seemed the cheeriest and noblest, or did some beam of the glory to be yours stray out of the Hereafter and paint your boyish faces thus, O best-remembered from those far-off days?

You crowd too quickly now, you whose fair names are legion, so that the splendour of your sacrifices blurs and intermingles. The North Sea knows you and the hidden Belgian minefields; the Aurora Borealis was the candle that lit some to bed, and the surf on the beaches

of Gallipoli murmurs to others a never-ending lullaby. Ostend and Zeebrugge will not forget you, and the countless tales of your passing shall be the sword hilt on which our children's children shall cut their teeth.

From out of that Shadow Ship lying at her moorings off the old Mill Creek come the faint echoes of your boyish voices floating out across the placid tide. Could we but listen hard enough we might catch some message of good hope and encouragement from you who have had your day:

> We are the dead
>
> . .
>
> To you from falling hands we throw
> The torch; be yours to hold it high
> If ye break faith with us who die,
> We shall not sleep

There shall be no faith broken God rest you merry, Gentlemen.

CRICKET

An Essay on John Nyren's 'The Young Cricketer's Tutor'

Charles Whibley

The history of cricket is still to write. It has been mad(by a hundred heroes; it is distinguished by a thousanc feats of prowess; but where, save in the hieroglyphic: of the score-books, shall we find an adequate record? Literary tact, the faculty of translating action int(words—these qualities are seldom the birthright of th(warrior. It is his to furnish the material of another's romance, and Caesar's *Commentaries* are, in a sense, mor(remarkable than the conquest of Gaul. The hand o: the cricketer is so ready and humble a servant of hi: eye and brain that he can seldom explain the effect: which his confidence and dexterity produce. His pane gyric is a flat statement of runs and wickets; his criticisn is no subtler than the division of good from bad. And while the sportsman is content with achievement, th(writer is seldom equipped with the knowledge, or in spired with the enthusiasm which turn the pedant into an historian: so that the tale of the cricket-fielc is told only at haphazard and in disjointed chapters Once only have Man and the Occasion met, and th(result was John Nyren's *Cricketers of My Time,* a fragment, it is true, but a fragment incomparably brilliant and vivid.

Of John Nyren we know no more than he vouchsafes to tell us, and as he did not, like some writers of a later age, turn the prowess of others to his own aggrandise-

ment, that is little enough. But he was born at Hambledon, the 'Attica' of the game, in 1765, and was the son of old Richard Nyren, who captained the most famous eleven ever sent into the field. The father, who kept the Bat and Ball Inn on Broad Halfpenny, and was the guardian of the ground where the Hambledonians were wont to conquer England, gave his son the smatterings at least of education. A 'worthy old Jesuit' taught him Latin, and was doubtless responsible for that habit of trite quotation which is the peculiar vanity of Nyren's style. But cricket and the fiddle were his favourite pursuits. He pictures himself a village Orpheus and for many years his music protected the poultry-yard against the assaults of gipsies. Herein, however, he is scarce comparable to John Small, the Elder—that celebrated batsman who, in 1778, made [illegible]

[illegible]

confronted by a vicious bull, and owed his life to the soothing strains of his instrument. But, at Hambledon, music was cricket's only rival. Is it not recorded of Tom Sueter, the wicket-keeper, that he had a 'sweet counter-tenor voice,' and was he not wont to join George Lear, the peerless long-stop, in a glee at the 'Bat and Ball' on Broad Halfpenny?

Among these humanest of sportsmen John Nyren grew up. His memory carried him back to 1776, Hambledon's patriarchal age. Two years later he 'became a sort of farmer's pony to his native club.' He was the friend of heroes, and the witness of many a feat of arms Beldham he had known, and the redoubtable David Harris, and he requited the privilege of their acquaintance by giving their portraits imperishable to the world.

Though his book is his securest title to fame, he was by no means a contemptible cricketer. When he was no more than eighteen, he played for England against his own club and distinguished himself by his daring activity in the field. Nor did he make his last appearance in a public match until 1817, and he watched the progress of the game, until his death in 1837, with the growing solicitude of an ancient conservative, to whom the smallest innovation meant ruin. On the field he was overshadowed by his father, 'the chosen general of all the matches,' 'the King Arthur of the Hambledonian round table,' and his triumphs with bat or ball—he was left-handed in either province—are long since forgotten. But his book remains unique in its energy of appreciation, as in its faithful record of an unparalleled achievement.

The Young Cricketer's Tutor—such was its first title—was published in 1833, almost half a century after the famous eleven was dispersed. Yet it may be described as the Hambledoniad, for it is nothing less than Hambledon's Epic. Nyren's ancient colleagues were all dead—all save Beldham or 'Silver Billy.' The years which Nyren had spent at Bromley in the printing of calicoes might have created a fresh interest, but it was his wisdom and it is our good fortune that he still wrote and thought only of Broad Halfpenny or Windmill Down. The cricket of a later age had made small impression upon him. He dedicates his book to Mr. William Ward, who had then gained 'the largest hands' upon record, who, playing against Norfolk at Marylebone in 1820, made the comfortable score of 278, and who was the only batsman, before the advent of W. G. Grace, completely to master the bowling of the world. And yet he confesses that he had seen but little of his play; and

had his familiarity been of every day, it is certain that he would have preferred the more rigorous style of Lord Frederick Beauclerc and Beldham, the invincible.

But of his legitimate enthusiasm there is no doubt. He speaks of Hambledon with irrepressible zest and gusto. Cricket for him stands high above those weightier pursuits which boast an appearance at least of seriousness. The game was the absorbing interest of his life, the sole contemplation of his untiring intelligence. Harris, the bowler, was in his eyes nothing less than

innkeeper from North Chapel, was sent in last but one, when ten runs remained to get. 'There was Sir Horace Mann,' writes Nyren, 'walking about, outside the ground, cutting down the daisies with his stick—a habit with him when he was agitated, the old farmers leaning forward upon their tall old staves, and the whole multitude perfectly still.' It is a picture of quiet enthusiasm (Nyren's pages are full of such things), unspoilt by a touch of flippancy or a suggestion that cricket is but a trifling sport. Indeed, there is scarce another writer, except Pindar, perhaps, and Hazlitt, the panegyrist of Cavanagh, who has approached the triumphs of athleticism in Nyren's spirit of grave admiration.

The style, alas, is too often slipshod. The pious Jesuit, who imparted the rudiments of Latin, did not resolve the mysteries of English grammar, and Nyren is found tripping on every page. But there is abundant compensation for the frequent solecisms in a vigorous vocabulary and a vivid picturesqueness; and Nyren can sketch you a portrait or imagine you a

the instinct of an artist. Take, for instance, the description of Tom Walker, one of two brothers—'anointed clod-stumpers,' he calls them—who joined the Hambledon eleven about 1786: 'Tom was the driest and most rigid-limbed chap I ever knew; his skin was like the rind of an old oak, and as sapless. I have seen his knuckles knocked about from Harris's bowling, but never saw any blood upon his hands—you might just as well attempt to phlebotomize a mummy.' And when you add thereto the reminiscence of a 'hard, ungain, scrag-of-mutton frame, wilted apple-john face,' you wonder how this villager could imitate even for a phrase the trick of Burton's *Anatomy*. For in this enterprise his editor, Charles Cowden Clarke, could scarce have helped him, and Nyren's gifts of expression and description are doubtless all his own. Though accuracy is not the historian's first necessity, it is curious to note that here Beldham circumstantially gives Nyren the lie: 'I have seen Tom Walker,' he says somewhere, 'rub his bleeding fingers in the dust!' David used to say he liked 'to *rind* him.' But fifty years enfeebles the stoutest memory, and the one is at least as credible as the other.

At times Nyren falls into the sin of tall-writing, and there are pages which clamour for the pruning-knife. His paean to strong drink—to quote an example—is something unchastened, though you are persuaded of his sincerity when, in conclusion, he declares that 'the smell of the ale comes upon him as freshly as the new May flowers.' But on every page you may note the inevitably right use of words and a literary sense, un-common, indeed, in a prophet of sport. When Beldhar cut balls 'at the point of the bat,' 'their speed,' say Nyren, 'was as the speed of thought.' That is the tru

epic touch which gives Nyren a place apart from the gossips and reporters, to whom the chronicle of the cricket field has been resigned. Yet here too Beldham, with a certain pedantry, is at variance with Nyren,

phlegmatic and imperturbed, he describes as the 'Washington of Cricket.' While others think they have done their duty if they have written down David Harris a fine bowler, Nyren is eloquent of his 'noble delivery,' and gives you so vivid a presentment of the man and his action, that you would recognize him at once if you met him in the Shades. Sueter's prowess is beyond dispute, when you are told that numberless times Nyren saw him 'stump a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling.' Again, 'the ball seemed to go into him,' says Nyren of George Lear; 'he was as sure of it as if he had been a sandbank'; and the type of the longstop is fixed for all time The book is written from end to end, not only with spirit, but with the observation that is born of intelligence, and this makes it the more strange that Nyren should have divided the credit with his editor, Cowden Clarke. When the book made its

Gentleman's

alone, while

hesitate to

assert that Nyren borrowed another's pen. But, in Mr. Clarke's Introduction, there is no word of editorial supervision, and, as Nyren's style differs widely in its virtues and in its vices from Cowden Clarke's well-

ordered and pedestrian manner, there is no reason to discredit the title-page or to rob Nyren of the distinction that belongs to him.

If Hambledon was fortunate in her historian, Nyren was thrice happy in his theme. Cricket, as played upon Broad Halfpenny or Windmill Down, was still in its infancy, and, when the Club beat an Eleven of England, it was indeed an infancy of gold. Though the possibilities of the game were either undreamt or dismissed as a hideous nightmare, there is no doubt that, when Harris and Beldham, John Small and the Walkers, met for practice on the first Tuesday in May, the old style had been carried to perfection. How Hambledon, a Hampshire village, became the capital of cricket, is unknown, but true it is that the Hambledon Club, from 1750 until its dissolution about forty years after, imposed its laws upon England. The iron frame, through 'which any bat of suspected dimensions was passed, and allowed or rejected accordingly,' was kept at Hambledon; at Hambledon also new rules were drafted and discussed. Rome's conquest of the world is not more remarkable than this supremacy. The gentry were loyal in their support, but it was the villagers who achieved the most brilliant triumphs, and the eleven was essentially an eleven of professionals. Yet there was nothing professional in the zest with which they practised, the enthusiasm with which they supported the honour of their club. Every Tuesday they met on the ground, which was Richard Nyren's especial care, and would drive as far as twenty miles for a few hours' practice.

Though the most of Nyren's criticisms are applicable to the modern style, it should be remembered that, when the Club was established, the conditions of the game were quite other than to-day. True, the wickets were

match. The first volume of Lillywhite's *Scores* is a practical panegyric of Hampshire cricket. And magnificent as was the prowess of the eleven which snatched so many victories from England, the team which John Nyren knew best, and most highly esteemed, was yet more highly distinguished.

In David Harris it possessed the king of bowlers, the first perfecter of the length-ball, the hero to whom the essential progress of cricket is due. For as without fine bowling, fine batting is impossible, so it was the advent of Harris which lifted the batsman's art out of the region of experiment, and absolved the greatest game in the world from the mere suspicion of kinship with hockey. He delivered the ball with monumental grace and serenity. His action, though underhand, was high, and he seemed 'to push the ball from him.' And, says Beldham, 'his bowling rose almost perpendicular,' whence the legend of Walker's stricken knuckles. Harris, in fact, was a classic among bowlers. Though he was always effective, though he captured innumerable wickets, he sacrificed form and elegance to nothing, and in Nyren's description he remains the ideal of nobility and state.

Then, Beldham had an easy and perfect command of the bat. At all points he is reputed excellent. He was one of the first batsmen—with Fennex, of whom Nyren has not a word—to practise forward play, and though he says (with what truth we know not) that for thirty years he averaged forty-three runs a match, he never departed from his high standard of 'grace, animation, and concentrated energy.' Well might Nyren esteem it 'one of the finest treats in cricketing to see this admirable man in with the beautiful bowling of Harris.' Thus in a later age men delighted to watch Fuller Pilch

pitted against Lillywhite, and so long as Dr. Grace was here to face the bowling of Lohmann or Attewell, we too might enjoy a pleasure as keen as Nyren's was, when David Harris taxed the skill of 'Silver Billy.' And the rest of the eleven—Small and the Walkers, Wells and Noah Mann—and the deeds which they did, are they not written in the chronicle of Nyren? No side in England had the smallest chance against these heroes, and when, in 1791, they met twenty-two of Middlesex, they made the best of good fights and lost only by three wickets.

Such are the men whose prowess John Nyren commemorates. Were it not for his record, we should know naught of Hambledon and its glories. And though the game has travelled far from its cradle, it was upon Broad Halfpenny that it first attained perfection. Nyren, like the David Harris of his generous enthusiasm, was himself a classic. To him the means were always more important than the end. Run-getting was a necessity, no doubt, but of far greater importance than a long score was elegance of attitude and gesture. 'We prided ourselves,' says this simple countryman, 'upon a certain grace in movement and finished air,' and one can easily understand that the Walkers, who 'toiled like tars on horseback,' were a legitimate source of merriment to the Club.

To treat a straight ball with disdain was, in these days of unruffled serenity, the unpardonable sin, and the vulgar howl, wherewith a mob, exulting in its shillings, once greeted Shrewsbury's patient and legitimate display, would have been unintelligible to the ancient worshippers of form. But a century ago all the accessories of cricket had a stateliness which is lacking to-day. Like literature, cricket has exchanged

the patron for a paying public, and 'gate-money' usurps the place which once belonged to Sir Horace Mann and Sir Frederick Beauclerc. Truly there is a gain in freedom—for cricket as for letters—but that will scarce compensate for the loss of dignity.

Where now shall we match the enthusiasm of the Earl of Dorest, who carried his zeal for cricket to the Embassy at Paris, and would have encountered eleven of his countrymen on French soil, had not the Revolution intervened? A crowd at the Oval is impressive after its fashion, though it can hardly be more inspiriting to the 'young artist' (as Nyren would say) than the presence of a dozen connoisseurs, and there is still the danger that ignorant criticism may injure the game as, and it could, it would wreck the craft of letters.

However, in Hampshire, cricket was leisurely and refined. It took two days to make 167, and the self-respecting batsman disdained to swell his score by a bad hit. Nyren always reserves his choicest approval for tricks of pose or effects of elegance. He is silent of Beldham's scores, but he thinks it would have delighted an artist 'to see him make himself up to hit a ball.' Again 'Phidias would certainly have taken Harris for a model,' and the graceful curve of the arm, wherewith this unrivalled bowler raised the ball to his forehead, is nearer the writer's heart than the capture of a hundred wickets. Were Nyren a critic he would cling to Claude, despite the gaudy triumphs of the modern school, and Pope were more to his taste than Wordsworth or Browning. Or, to put the case in another way, he was a determined enemy of realism. To him it mattered not how the runs came, or whether they came at all, so long as the bowler and batsman were guiltless of solecism. Art for art's sake was his doctrine, and his judgment

was seldom disturbed by anything so misleading as [illegible]

On the subject of bowling he was sternly conservative. In other respects his hints to the young cricketer are practical and sound; but when he warns the bowler against the advice given by Lambert to *twist* the ball, austerity and a love of an older fashion are carried too far. It is not the modern policy to despise a single artifice, and Dr. Grace expressly lays it down that a bowler, if he hope to excel, must 'get some break on the ball.' However, Nyren was the king of purists, and he admits, in another passage, that though Noah Mann, by giving 'a curve to the ball the whole way,' frequently attained the 'chief end,' his was not in itself 'the first-rate style'—a confession which indeed makes light of wickets in comparison with an unblemished manner.

[illegible] bo[illegible] al[illegible] [illegible] gradation. He is convinced that any relaxation of the rule will destroy cricket by placing all batsmen on an equality, and thus robbing the game of its subtlety and finesse. While he particularly disclaims prejudice, he holds that whatever David Harris did must needs be right, and that whoever dare do more is a traitor to his art. Even in Nyren's day the game was already too long: the bat had achieved a complete mastery of the ball, so that some reform was necessary to equalize the opposing forces. Let the Marylebone Club increase the width of the wickets, says Nyren, and lengthen the bails. The question is one of morals with him. A true delivery is his most cherished dogma. He appeals to

Mr. Ward for aid and encouragement, and readily prophesies the destruction of the game.

Well: the bowling of to-day is freed of all trammels save one, and the game is played with greater skill than ever. Denison, writing in 1846, still proclaimed Harris the greatest bowler the world had seen. But in 1846 a new rule permitted the bowler's arm to be raised to the shoulder, and Shaw and Southerton, Spofforth and Steel, have o'ershadowed the most brilliant achievements of the Hambledonian champion.

The history of the innovation is characteristic. The laws of cricket have always been modified by panic. It was the Tom Walker so often mentioned that first promulgated the heresy, and to Nyren's delight his efforts were condemned as 'foul play.' Then for a while the heresy slumbered, until Willes, of the Sussex Eleven, revived it. To him Lambert was an ally, and in 1811 such players as Aislabie, Ward, and Osbaldiston were frightened into revolt. But already Lillywhite and Broadbridge had been initiated, and fifteen years later it was their fortune to fight the real battle, with the aid of Mr. Knight and *The Sporting Magazine.* In 1828 it was enacted that no-ball should be called if any part of the arm or hand were above the elbow at the time of delivery, and once more a new fashion of bowling created a freer, more confident style of batting.

Not only had the round-arm ball all the twist and work which the pious Nyren deprecated, but it came even quicker from the pitch than did Harris's miraculous and mysterious underhands. Eighteen years more and the bowler might lift his arm to his shoulder, and when in 1862, John Lillywhite (by a curious irony the son of the ancient rebel) no-balled Willsher for raising his arm above his shoulder, a further change was necessary

the law. And now the bowler is as free as air, so long as he neither throws nor jerks. Meanwhile the prophecies [illegible] element of certainty being added batsmen have performed undreamed-of feats. Cricket, in fact, is in no danger of death by small scores. On the contrary, with all the resources of an untrammelled action, the ball is still the bat's inferior.

To this result genius has no doubt contributed. For [illegible] sixties, and were the great talents before the advent of W. G. Grace And what, we wonder, would be Nyren's comment upon the Champion? Had he seen the incomparable W. G. at his zenith placing the balls where he pleased, and sustaining an unequal contest with the bowling strength of England, would he still have insisted [illegible] now is a commonplace, was for him a sign of revolution. The combination of prudence with energy, of attack with defence, which characterized the Doctor's style, was unheard and unthought half a century ago. But the Champion was the Shakespeare of the game: he created a convention of his own. In his style there was

neither littleness nor affectation. Unlike the Hambledonians, he never sacrificed the end to the means. His effect was too large for elegance, and you are quite certain (to adopt Nyren's phrase) that Phidias would have preferred Beldham for his model. But W. G. united in his own talent the prowess of all the champions from Beldham to his own day. He understood that the batsman's object is to make runs, and he knew (none better) that runs are to be made only by obedience to the laws of cricket. Others have turned aside from the main purpose to cultivate a grace of pose, a beauty of attitude. And they have their reward: they are the lyric poets of their craft. But the Doctor preferred an austerity of gesture. He was monumental, Egyptian rather than graceful, and flourish of *ficelle* would have been a violation of his style.

Now the ancients, who above all loved an elaborate gesture, would haply not have thrilled at the Doctor's simple mastery. And yet Nyren was far too intelligent a critic of the game not to appreciate so straight a bat, so fierce a defence, so masterful a control over the ball as was the Champion's. With what gusto he would have recorded old Shaw's complaint: 'I put the ball where I please, and he puts it where he pleases!' With what delight would he, who adored legitimate artifice, have witnessed that absolute perfection of placing! With what amazement would he, who wondered at the 'long hands' of William Ward, have contemplated Dr. Grace's unsurpassed scores!

Indeed, were he to revisit the upper earth, he would be rather astonished than sorrowful. His frank enthusiasm would at once convince him that his prophecies of decay were unwarranted, that the game of to-day, though it would seem strange enough on Broad Half-

penny, is still great, even heroic. And yet perhaps, with his passionate admiration of defence, he might have preferred the dogged and invincible Shrewsbury, who played the game with an excellent prudence. The com-

existence, the captain can exercise the privilege of expulsion. But Shrewsbury never stayed at his post for one hour and seven minutes without making a run On the contrary, he could hit as hard and score as freely as the best. His disdain of wide balls was completely justified; and why, if the mob must have a victim, did it not assail the bowler who practised a trick already stale a century ago? Tom Walker is said on one occasion to have received 170 balls from David Harris and made but a single run. But Shrewsbury was not wont to

... would most certainly endorse. And would that he were alive to do justice to our manifold glories! For he had but a single prejudice, and he alone among cricketers tempers a genuine instinct of letters with a knowledge of the game. Indeed, no player, whether young or old, can choose a better companion than Nyren's *Tutor*, which, after ninety years and unnumbered revolutions, is still a monument of sane criticism and vivid portraiture.

SCHOOL STORIES

'Ian Hay' (John Hay Beith): *The Lighter Side of School Life*

One of the most striking features of the present-day cult of The Child is the fact that whereas school stories were formerly written to be read by schoolboys, they are now written to be read—and are read with avidity—by *grown-up persons.*

This revolution has produced some abiding results. In the first place, school stories are much better written than they were. Secondly, a certain proportion of the limelight has been shifted from the boy to the master, with the result that school life is now presented in a more true and corporate manner. Thirdly, school stories have become less romantic, less sentimental, more coldly psychological. They are tinged with adult worldliness, and, too often, with adult pessimism. As literature they are an enormous advance upon their predecessors; but what they have gained in *savoir faire* they appear to have lost in *joie de vivre.*

Let us enter upon the ever-fascinating task of comparing the old with the new.

To represent the ancients we will take that immortal giant, *Tom Brown.* With him, as they say in legal circles, *Eric.* Many people will say, and they will be right, that Tom Brown would make a much braver show for the old brigade if put forward alone, minus his depressing companion. But we must bear in mind that it takes more than one book to represent a literary era. We will therefore call upon Tom Brown and Eric

Williams between them to represent the schoolboy of a bygone age.

Most of us make Tom Brown's acquaintance in early youth. We fortify ourselves with a course of him before going to school for the first time—at the age of twelve or thereabouts—and we quickly realize, even at that tender age, that there were giants in those days.

Have you ever considered Tom Brown's first day at school? No? Then observe. He was called at half-past two in the morning, at the Peacock Inn, Islington, and by three o'clock was off as an 'outside' upon the Tally-Ho Coach, in the small hours of a November morning, on an eighty-mile drive to Rugby.

He arrived at his destination just in time to take dinner in Hall, chaperoned by his new friend East, and then, *duce* Old Brooke, plunged into that historic football match between the Schoolhouse and the School—sixty on one side and two hundred on the other. Modern

''y stiff

battle

were

filled with surprise and rapture at achieving a goal after only sixty minutes' play ('A goal in an hour! Such a thing had not been done in a Schoolhouse match these five years.')

In the course of the game Tom was knocked over while stopping a rush, and as the result of spending some minutes at the bottom of a heap of humanity composed of a goodly proportion of his two hundred opponents, was finally hauled out 'a motionless body.' However, he recovered sufficiently to be able to entertain East to tea and sausages in the Lower Fifth School. After a brief interval for ablution came supper, followed by a free-and-easy musical entertainment in the School-

house hall, which included singing, a good deal of indiscriminate beer-drinking, and the famous speech of Old Brooke. Tom, it is hardly necessary to say, obliged with a song—'with much applause.'

Then came prayers, and Tom's first glimpse of the mighty Arnold. (We may note here that a new boy of the old days was not apparently troubled by tiresome regulations upon the subject of reporting himself to his housemaster on arrival.) Even then Tom's first day from home was not over, for before retiring to his slumber he was tossed in a blanket three times. Not a bad record for a boy of twelve! And yet we flatter ourselves that we live a strenuous life.

Customs have changed in many respects since Tom Brown's time. Public schoolboys of eighteen or nineteen do not now wear beards, neither do they carry pea-shooters. Our athletes array themselves for battle in the shortest of shorts and the thinnest of jerseys. The participators in the three-hour Schoolhouse match merely took off their jackets and hung them upon the railings or trees. We are told, however, with some pride, that those who meant *real* work added their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs, and braces! What of those who did not? Again, a captain does not nowadays 'administer toco' upon the field of battle to subordinates who have failed to prevent the enemy from scoring a try. Again, no master of to-day would dare to admit to a boy that he 'does not understand' cricket, or for that matter draw parallels between cricket and Aristophanes for the benefit of an attentive audience in a corner of the playing-field during a school match.

But we accept all these incidents in *Tom Brown* without question. We never dream of doubting that they occurred, or could have occurred. Arthur, we admit,

is a rare bird, but he is credible. Even East's religious difficulties, or rather his anxiety to discuss them, are made convincing. The reason is that *Tom Brown* contains nothing that is alien from human nature—schoolboy human nature. It is the real thing all through. Across the ages Tom Brown of Rugby speaks to Brown minor (also, possibly, of Rugby) with the voice of a brother. Details may have changed, but the essentials are the same. 'How different,' we say, 'but oh, how like!'

Not so at all times with *Eric, or Little by Little.* Here we miss the robust philistinism of the eternal schoolboy, and the atmosphere of reality which pervades *Tom Brown.* We feel that we are not *living* a story, but merely reading it. *Eric* does not ring true. We suspect the reverend author—to employ an expression which his hero would never have used—of 'talking through his hat.'

None of us desire to scoff at true piety or moral loftiness, but we feel instinctively that in *Eric* these virtues are somewhat indecently paraded. The schoolboy is essentially a matter-of-fact animal, and extremely reticent. He is not usually concerned with the state of his soul, and [illegible]

[illegible] Compare, for instance, Eric's father and Squire Brown. Here are the Squire's meditations as to the advice he should give Tom before saying good-bye:

> I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God. If he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him

to mind his work, and say he 's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma; no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted so to go. If he 'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that 's all I want.

Now compare Eric's father in one of his public appearances. That worthy but tiresome gentleman suddenly descends upon the bully Barker, engaged in chastising Eric.

There had been an unobserved spectator of the whole scene, in the person of Mr. Williams himself, and it was his strong hand that now gripped Barker's shoulder. He was greatly respected by the boys, who all knew his tall handsome figure by sight, and he frequently stood a quiet and pleased observer of their games. The boys in the playground came crowding round, and Barker in vain struggled to escape. Mr. Williams held him firmly, and said in a calm voice, 'I have just seen you treat one of your schoolfellows with the grossest violence. It makes me blush for you, Roslyn boys,' he continued, turning to the group that surrounded him, 'that you can even for a moment stand by unmoved, and see such things done. Now mark; it makes no difference that the boy who has been hurt is my own son; I would have punished this scoundrel whoever it had been, and I shall punish him now.' With these words he lifted the riding-whip which he happened to be carrying, and gave Barker by far the severest castigation he had ever undergone. He belaboured him till his sullen obstinacy gave way to a roar for mercy, and promises never so to offend again.

At this crisis he flung the boy from him with a 'phew' of disgust, and said, 'I give nothing for your word; but if ever you do bully in this way again, and I see or hear of it, your present punishment shall be a trifle to what I shall then administer. At present, thank me for not informing your master.' So saying, he made Barker pick up the cap, and, turning away, walked home with Eric leaning on his arm.

Poor Eric! What chance can a boy have had whose egregious parent insisted upon outraging every canon of schoolboy law on his behalf? We are not altogether surprised to read, a little later, that though from that day Eric was never troubled with personal violence from Barker, 'rancour smouldered deep in the heart of the baffled tyrant.'

Then, as already noted, the atmosphere and incidents of *Eric* fail to carry conviction. Making every allowance for the eccentricities of people who lived sixty years ago, the modern boy simply refuses to credit the idea of members of a 'decent' school indulging in 'a superior titter' when one of their number performed the every-day feat of breaking down in translation. He finds it hard to believe that Owen (who is labelled with damning enthusiasm 'a boy of mental superiority') would really report another boy for kicking him, and quite incredible that after the kicker had been flogged the virtuous Owen should 'have the keen mortification of seeing "Owen is a sneak" written up all about the walls.' As for Eric and Russell, sitting on a green bank beside [illegible] illumination'; and no schoolmaster under any circumstances ever 'laid a gentle hand' upon a schoolboy's head. A hand, possibly, but not a gentle one. Lower School boys are not given Aeschylus to read, and if they were they would not waste their play-hours discussing the best rendering of a particularly knotty passage occurring in a lesson happily over and done with.

If the first half of *Eric* is overdrawn and improbable, the second is rank melodrama—and bad melodrama at that. The trial scene is impossibly theatrical, and Russell's illness and death-bed deliverances are an outrage on schoolboy reserve.

Listen again to one Montague, a sixth-form boy who has caught a gang of dormitory roysterers preparing an apple-pie bed for him. Does he call them 'cheeky young swine,' and knock their heads together? No!

> 'By heavens, this is *too* bad!' he exclaimed, stamping his foot with anger. 'What have I ever done to you young blackguards that you should treat me thus. Have I ever been a bully? Have I ever harmed one of you? And *you*, too Vernon Williams!'
>
> The little boy trembled and looked ashamed under his glance of sorrow and scorn.
>
> 'Well, I *know* who has put you up to this; but you shal not escape so. I shall thrash you, every one.'
>
> Very quietly he suited the action to the word, sparing none.

These silent, strong men!

Again, do, or did, English schoolboys ever behave like this?

> Vernon hid his face on Eric's shoulder; and, as his brother stooped over him and folded him to his heart, they cried in silence, for there seemed no more to say, until, wearied with sorrow, the younger fell asleep; and then Eric carried him tenderly downstairs, and laid him, still half sleeping, upon his bed.

The characters in *Eric* are far superior to the incidents. They may be exaggerated and irritating, but they are consistently drawn. Wildney is a true type, and still exists. Russell is a fair specimen of a 'good' boy though it is difficult to feel for him the tenderness which most of us extend, perhaps furtively, to Arthur in *Tom*

Brown. But some of the masters are beyond comprehension. Pious but depressing pedagogues of the type of Mr. Rose (who at moments of crisis, it will be remembered, was usually to be found upon his knees in the School Library, oblivious of the greater privacy and comfort offered by his bedroom) have faded from our midst. Their place to-day is occupied by efficient and unsentimental young men in fancy waistcoats.

But the book for clear types is *Tom Brown*. East, the two Brookes, and Arthur—we recognize them all. There is Flashman the bully—an epitome of all bullies. He is of an everlasting pattern. And there is that curiously attractive person Martin, the scientist, with his jackdaw and his chemical research, and his chronic impecuniosity. You remember how he used to barter his allowance of candles for birds' eggs, with the result that in those pre-gas-and-electricity days, he was reduced to doing his preparation by the glow of the fire, or 'by the light of a flaring cotton wick, issuing from a ginger-beer bottle full of some doleful composition'? Lastly, there is Arnold himself He is only revealed to us in glimpses: he emerges now and then like a mountain-peak from clouds, but is none the less imposing for that.

What impression of bygone schoolboy life do *Tom Brown* and *Eric* make upon our minds?

The outstanding sensation appears to be this, that fifty years ago life at school was more *spacious* than now—more full of incident and variety In those days a boy's spare time was his own How did he spend his half-holidays? If he was a good boy—good in the bad sense of the word—he went and sat upon a hill-top and admired the scenery, or thought of his mother, or possibly gripped another good boy by the hand and said: 'Let me call you Edwin, and you shall always call

me Eric.' If he was a normal healthy boy he went swimming, or bird-nesting, or (more usually) poaching, and generally encountered adventure by the way. If he was a bad boy he retired with other malefactors to a public-house, where he indulged in an orgy of roast goose and brandy-and-water.

Nous avons changé tout cela. Compulsory games have put an end to such licence, and in so doing have docked a good deal of liberty as well. The result has been to emphasize the type at the expense of the individual. It is a good type—a grand type—but it bears hardly upon some of its more angular components. The new system keeps the weak boy out of temptation and the idle boy out of mischief; but the quiet, reflective, unathletic boy hates it. He has little chance now to dream dreams or commune with nature. Still, his chance comes later in life; and as we all have to learn to toe the line at some time or another, thrice blessed is he who gets over the lesson in early youth.

The prefectorial system, too, has enlarged boys' sense of responsibility, and has put an end to many abuses which no master could ever reach. But on the whole we may say of the public-school boy throughout the ages that *plus que l'on le change, plus c'est la même chose.* Schoolboy gods have not altered. Strength, fleetness of foot, physical beauty, loyalty to one's House and one's School—youth still worships these things. There is the same admiration for *natural* brilliancy, be it in athletics or conversation or scholarship, and the same curious contempt for the plodder—even the successful plodder—in all departments of life. The weakest still goes to the wall. He is not bumped against it so vigorously as he used to be; but he still goes there, and always will.

Still, has the present generation developed no new characteristics? Let us turn to a batch of modern school stories, and see.

We have many to choose from—*Stalky*, for instance *Stalky* has come in for a shower of abuse from certain quarters. He hits the sentimentalist hard. We are told that the book is vulgar, that the famous trio are 'little beasts.' (I think Mr. A. C. Benson said so.) Still, Mr. Kipling never touches any subject which he does not adorn, and in *Stalky* he brings out vividly some of the salient features of modern school life. He has drawn masters as they have never been drawn before: the portraits may be cruel, biased, not sufficiently representative; but how they live! He has put the case for the unathletic boy with convincing truth. He depicts, too, very faithfully, the curious *camaraderie* which prevails nowadays between boys and masters, and pokes mordant fun at the sycophancy which this state of things breeds in a certain type of boy—the 'Oh, sir! and No, sir! and Yes, sir! and Please, sir!' brigade—and deals faithfully with the master who takes advantage of out-of-school intimacy to be familiar and offensive in school, addressing boys by their nicknames and making humorous reference to extra-scholastic incidents. And above all Mr. Kipling knows the heart of a boy. He understands, above all men, a boy's intense reserve upon matters that lie deepest within him, and his shrinking from and repugnance to unrestrained and blatant discussion of these things. Do you remember the story of the fat man—'the jelly-bellied flag-flapper'—who came down to lecture to the school on patriotism?

Now the reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper than the reserve of a maid, she having been made for one end only [illegible] blind Nature, but man for several. With a large and [illegible]

he tore down these veils, and trampled them under the well-intentioned feet of eloquence. In a raucous voice he cried aloud little matters, like the hope of Honour and the dream of Glory, that boys do not discuss with their most intimate equals. . . . He profaned the most secret places of their souls with outcries and gesticulations. He bade them consider the deeds of their ancestors, in such fashion that they were flushed to their tingling ears. Some of them—the rending voice cut a frozen stillness—might have had relatives who perished in defence of their country. (They thought, not a few of them, of an old sword in a passage, or above a breakfast-table, seen and fingered by stealth since they could walk.) He adjured them to emulate those illustrious examples; and they looked all ways in their extreme discomfort.

Their years forbade them even to shape their thoughts clearly to themselves. They felt savagely that they were being outraged by a fat man who considered marbles a game. . . . What, in the name of everything caddish, was he driving at, who waved this horror before their eyes?

It was a Union Jack, you will remember, suddenly unfurled by way of peroration.

Happy thought! Perhaps he was drunk.

That is true, true, all through.

Then comes another class of school story—the school story written primarily *for* boys. Such are the books of Mr. Talbot Baines Reed. These are regarded as somewhat *vieux jeu* at the present day, but in their own particular line they have never been bettered. They were written to be read by comparatively young boys in a semi-religious magazine; and anybody who has ever attempted to write a tale which shall be probable yet interesting, and racy yet moral, will realize how admirably Mr. Reed has achieved this feat—in such books as *The Willoughby Captains*, *The Master of the Shell*, and *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*.

Another excellent book is *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*. Here Mr. Charles Turley achieves success by the most

commendable means. He eschews the theatrical. His story contains no death-bed heroics, no rescues from drowning; no highly coloured moral crises. He takes as his theme the humdrum daily life—and no one who has not lived through it for weeks at a time knows how humdrum it can be—of a public school, and makes it interesting. He lacks fire, it may be said, but he avoids the sentimentality of the old school and the cynicism of the new.

Perhaps the best of all this class is *The Bending of a Twig*, by Mr. Desmond Coke—an absolutely faithful picture, drawn with unerring instinct and refreshing humour. In fact it is so much the real thing that at times it is a trifle monotonous, just because school life at times is a trifle monotonous. But those who know what schoolboys are cannot fail to appreciate the intrinsic merits of this book. It gently derides the stagy incidents and emotional heroics of the old style of school story. Here a small boy comes to Shrewsbury primed [illegible]

Shrewsbury. He cannot understand the situation: he has to unlearn all his lessons in sophistication. The whole thing is admirably done.

The story strikes a deeper note towards the end. Here we are given a very vivid study of the same boy, now head of his House, struggling between his sense of duty and the fear of unpopularity Shall he tackle the disturbing element boldly, invoking if necessary the assistance of the Housemaster, or let things slide for the sake of peace? Many a tragedy of the Prefect's

Room has hinged upon that struggle; and although Mr. Coke's solution of the problem is not heroic, it is probably all the more true to life. Altogether a fine book, but from its very nature a book for boys rather than grown-ups.

Coming to the type of school story at present in vogue, we have *The Hill*, deservedly ranking as first class. But *The Hill* is essentially a book for Harrovians; and the more likely a book is to appeal to members of one particular school, the less likely it is to appeal to members of any other school. (In this respect we may note that *Tom Brown* forms an exception. But then *Tom Brown* is an exceptional book.) If *The Hill* had been written as a 'general' school story, with the identity of Harrow veiled, however thinly, under a fictitious name, its glamour and romance, together with its enthusiasm for all that is straight and strong and of old standing and of good report, would have made it a classic among school fiction. But non-Harrovians — and there are a considerable number of them—decline with natural insularity to follow Mr. Vachell to his topmost heights. They are conscious of a clannish, slightly patronizing air about *The Hill*, which is notably absent in other stories which tell the tale of a particular school. The reader is treated to pedantic little footnotes, and given a good deal of information which is either gratuitous or uninteresting. He is made to understand that he is on The Hill but not of it. He recognizes frankly enough the greatness of Harrow tradition and the glory of Harrow history, but he rightly reserves his enthusiasm over such things for his own school; and there are moments when he feels inclined to bawl out to the author that he envies Harrow nothing—except perhaps *Forty Years On*.

In other words, *The Hill*, owing to the insistent ... Harrow first and general school- ... as a glorified ... el of English school life.

But *The Hill* stands high. It cannot be hid. It is super-sentimental at times, but then so are schoolboys. And the characters are clean-cut and finely finished. Scaife is a memorable figure, so is Warde. John Verney, ... at times, but ... ns, and ... rnor's!' —is a joy for ever. Lastly, the description ... he Eton and Harrow Match at Lord's takes unquestionable rank as one of the few things in this world which will never be better done.

Two other books may be mentioned here, as illustrating the tendency, already mentioned, of modern school novelists, to shift the limelight from the boy to the master. The first is Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*. A young man lacking means, and possessing only a moderate degree, who feels inclined, as many do, to drift into schoolmastering as a *pis aller*, should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this book. ... mmon Room life in a ... otony; the discomfort, ... ousy of a body of men herded together year after year, condemned to celibacy by want of means, and deprived of all prospect of advancement or change of scene. It hammers in the undeniable truth that in the great majority of cases ... market value depreciates steadily ... tment *Mr Perrin and* ... but should not be read

schoolmasters while recovering, let us say, from-luenza.

If the reader desires a further picture of the amenities the Common Room, viewed from a less oblique angle, can confidently be recommended to turn to *The anchester Tradition*, by Mr. G. F. Bradby. *The Lanhester Tradition* is a comparatively short story, but it s all pure gold. It is written with knowledge, insight, nd above all with an appreciation of that broad tolerant umorous outlook on life which alone can lubricate the soul-grinding wheels of routine. In *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* we have a young, able, and merciless critic exposing some of the weaknesses of the public-school system. In *The Lanchester Tradition* we have a seasoned and experienced representative of that system demonstrating that real character can always rise superior to circumstance, and that for all its creaking machinery and accompanying friction the pedagogue's existence can be a very tolerable and at times a very uplifting one. It is the old struggle between theory and practice. *Solvitur ambulando.*

There are many other school stories of recent date, of which no mention has been made in this survey; but our excursions seem to have covered a fairly representative field. What is the prevailing characteristic of the new, as compared with the old? It appears to be a very insistent and rather discordant note of realism—the sort of realism which leaves nothing unphotographed. Romance and sentiment are swept aside: they might fog the negative. Our rising generation are not permitted to see visions or dream dreams. And there is a tendency—mercifully absent in most of the books which we have described—to discuss matters which are better not discussed, at any rate in a work of fiction. There is

a great vogue in these introspective days for outspokenness upon intimate matters. We are told that such matter should not be excluded from the text, because it is 'true to life.' So are the police reports in the Sunday newspapers; but we do not present files of these delectable journals to our sons and daughters —let us not forget the daughters. the sons go to school, but the daughters can only sit at home and read schoolboy stories—as Christmas presents.

There is another marked characteristic of modern school fiction—its intense topicality. The slang, the allusions, the incidents—they are all *dernier cri*. But the more up to date a thing may be, whether it be a popular catch-phrase or a whole book, the more ephemeral is its existence. A book of this kind reproduces the spirit of the moment, often with surprising fidelity, but after all it is only the spirit of the moment Its very applicability to the moment unfits it for any other position Books, speeches, and jokes—very few of these breathe the spirit not only of the moment but of all time. When they do, we call them Classics *Tom Brown* is a Classic, and probably *Stalky* too. They are built of material which is imperishable, because it is quarried from the bed-rock of human nature, which never varies, though architectural fashions come and go.

SANGER AND HIS TIMES

KENNETH GRAHAME: Introduction to *Seventy Years a Showman*

RETIREMENT and reminiscence are apt to trot in harness together, and so, when Mr. George Sanger, the great showman, so familiar, by name at least, to the youth of the last generation, retired from the circus business in 1905, he proceeded to set down the simple yet moving annals of his past career, with the same calm courage with which he would draw the aching tooth of a favourite elephant. Published in book form in 1910, under the title of *Seventy Years a Showman*, these memoirs hardly attracted at the time all the notice they really merited. It is to be hoped that this re-issue—the book has been many years out of print—may receive fuller attention, for his story is not only excellently and graphically written, and packed with yarns of the most vivid character set forth in a perfectly natural and unexaggerated manner, but it provides a reel, so to speak, of moving-pictures illustrative of a certain period—that extending from the early thirties to the end of the last century—during which the rural and provincial life of England underwent a transformation as complete as perhaps any previous period of seventy years could show. It covers, too, the whole period of Dickens's work, and that of many another of lesser fame, all busy depicting the Early Victorian world in its every phase; and once more, as we read, many of their characters seem to start into life again, each in his habit as he lived, in the faithful jottings of this simple and unlettered showman.

George Sanger's parents were Wiltshire people; his father, 'press-ganged' at eighteen, served ten years afloat, and fought (and was severely wounded) in the *Victory* at Trafalgar; from which event, and his consequent retirement on a pension of £10 per annum, we date his entry into the show business, with a self-made peep-show he could carry on his back. As described by his son, he seems to have been a man of fine character, and his adventures, intertwined as they are with the writer's early years, form as good reading as any part of the book. But the father, though reaching out at times in this direction and that, remained faithful in the main to the peep-show with which he had first challenged fortune. It was young George who was always the climber, the aspirant, the seeker after new things. While still a boy, he must needs start his own little show, which, composed of performing canaries, redpolls, and white mice, strengthened later by two tame hares, bore in it the seed of the mighty circuses and menageries that were to follow. At eighteen he was on the road with a travelling van of his own; when about twenty-six he entered the great circus world, and passed from success to success, their culmination being the purchase of the famous Astley's Theatre in 1871. Followed his Continental tours and triumphs, during which, as he used to boast, his circuses travelled the roads of every country in Europe except Russia; and thereafter he was not so much a man as an institution —and a British institution too.

Mr. Sanger, like a good showman, married in the profession, choosing for his bride the popular Lion Queen of a rival establishment, somewhat to the disgust of the rival establishment, who evidently held, not unnaturally, that showmen ought to marry their own

on Queens, instead of poaching on those of other eople. She made as good a wife as she had made a ion Queen—who dares to say that an early training s ever entirely wasted?—and when, after forty-eight ears of happy married life, he lost her, his book pays ouching tribute to all that she had been to him, both in solid worth and in affection. 'Lovers to the last,' he says—and that is saying not a little.

In 1905 Mr. Sanger, finding himself approaching his eightieth year, sold up all his circuses and animals, and finally retired from active business, settling down on his farm at East Finchley; and there it might have been expected he would end his days peacefully, looking back, in his well-earned repose, on many golden memories of past struggles and successes. Fate ordered otherwise. Many will remember the tragedy. In 1911 a manservant in his employ, of a sullen and revengeful disposition, fired by some real or fancied grievance over which he had probably brooded long, suddenly ran amok, as it were, attacked two fellow-menservants, wounding one of them severely, and battered the life out of poor old Mr. Sanger with a hatchet.

In so piteous a fashion passed away the famous old showman, the gallant and kindly of spirit, the friend and benefactor of all poor travelling show-people, the founder of the Showmen's Guild, the author of an autobiography which contains not an unkind word of anybody.

As to shows themselves, the townsman does not quite realize all the signs and tokens by which the country-dweller knows that the year has really turned, that spring has thrown out its advancing pickets, and that the main forces of summer are well on their way. He

knows, indeed, that we hail, each in their turn, the thrust of the snowdrop and then the crocus, the first green thrill that passes over the quickset hedgerows, the tender wash of faint water-colour that tells of the winter wheat now thrusting through, the touch of rosiness in the black elm tree-tops, but perhaps he does not know that one of the truest signs of approaching summer to us is when a sort of frozen Neva in his own suburbs thaws and breaks up, and the flood of caravans that have been winter-bound there is let loose at last —caravans that are to make the little village fairs of the countryside; simple little fairs that nevertheless mean so very much to us.

In a hedgeless country of high downland, on a road that came flowing down, a long white ribbon, straight as it were out of the eastern sky, we would watch, each succeeding spring, for the first appearance of these fairy cruisers of the road. Of course the earliest comers were not for us humble villagers These would 'open' at the larger provincial towns, and then start on the circuit they had each planned out for themselves, and we should have to wait our
to us, or perhap
Almanac allowec
classicus for the dates of country fairs, so most farmers keep it on their mantelpiece) But when at last we caught sight of a certain small yellow caravan, with pretty Mrs. S. and the latest baby sitting in front, her husband (who had charge of the dart-throwing department) walking at the horse's head, then we knew that our turn had come at last! 'Enter Autolycus singing'' For close on the yellow caravan would surely come the larger one, with father and mother and the cooking utensils; and then that other which held Mrs. S.'s thre

of their descent from some bygone Champion Sword-swallower or Queen of the Tight-rope; success, if it comes to them, is but modest, reckoned in terms of money; failure means that they are down and out, and there will be no one waiting to help them, except perhaps their own folk.

I have said they are a contented people, and so they are, especially the elders. But among the younger ones, as is natural enough, a little breeze blowing from the land of What-might-have-been will sometimes stir and rustle the leaves of contemplative thought. The Princesses told us they had another married sister, and that *she* lived in a house with a real doorstep, which she could whiten, twice a day if she liked! 'But,' we protested, 'look at the beautiful steps of your own caravan! Real mahogany, with brass finishings, and hook off and on with a touch!' 'Yes, but you can't *whiten* them,' sighed the Princesses wistfully. 'And, besides,' they added, '*she* has a permanent address!' They went on to confess that when the time came for them to think of marriage too, they intended to aim very high—to aim even at a permanent address and a doorstep that could be whitened! Such are the rash dreams of youth! But it is good to carry an ideal about with you, however unattainable it be; and, as R. L. Stevenson has it, to travel hopefully (and in a caravan too!) is better than to arrive (even at a whiteable doorstep).

These girls, by the way, wore the long, tight-waisted corsets in which the fisher-girls, and factory-girls too, of Boulogne so delight the eye. And within the last few weeks I have encountered young gipsy women on the road in just the same type of corset. It was a real pleasure to see it again, with its touch of old-worldliness

ort, because there seems always just a ghost of a chance hat by an extra hard pull one may succeed in completing the revolution and looping the loop. And then we come to another class of sport altogether, the coconut-throwing, ring-throwing, dart-throwing, all for some very small chance of winning a prize. (Coco-nuts, be it noted, were too expensive to be given away in the young Sanger's days.) Some joy in one's skill as a Discobolus may enter into these sports, but the real inspiring motive is the gambler's. Indeed these poor little wooings of fortune may be said to have atrophied down from the full-blooded days when fairs, and especially racecourses, had their gambling-booths open to all and free of interference, each with its tempting piles of gold and silver displayed on its long table. To sum up, then, it may be roughly said that the joys of a fair range themselves under two heads—the delight of exhilarating motion; the excitement of an element of gamble, however trumpery the possible reward.

Perhaps the greatest change that has taken place in show-life in our generation is the disappearance of freaks and monstrosities; and this, it will surely be agreed by all, is a change entirely for good. Of old, freaks were the mainstay of every show. The first fair of importance that I ever attended—I was ten years old at the time—was that of St. Giles's, at Oxford, and I seem to recollect that giants, dwarfs, fat ladies, tattoed ladies, mermaids, six-legged calves, and distorted nature of every variety formed the backbone of the show. These have now passed away, and the public taste no longer demands to be disgusted. It must be twenty years since I saw even so much as a fat lady, and that was far down in the West Country, where

traditions linger and preferences die hard. Although a printed notice informed you that this mountain of flesh was so genuine throughout that any lady in the audience was permitted, nay invited, to test by pinching, though gentlemen, in the interest of good manners, were kindly requested to refrain, and though a biographical pamphlet related, *inter alia*, that Madame Aurelia's bulk entirely forbade her travelling by train, and a special two-horse van had therefore to be kept at her disposal, yet one could not help feeling uneasily, as one gazed in awe, that there was something wanting. A day or two later, having taken my place in a third-class compartment of a local train, I was greatly pleased when Madame Aurelia—in mufti of course—hopped in as lightly as a bird. We were already five a side, but Madame Aurelia's arrival did not seem to affect our density particularly. She was an amusing woman, and was the life and soul (if hardly the body) of the company, who could not know of course—for there was really nothing to tell them—that they were entertaining such an angel unawares. Illusion, as the showman knows, is nearly everything.

But I have sometimes reflected since, that my cheerful acquaintance of the railway carriage had possibly been understudying the real Madame Aurelia, and that on that occasion we had all been 'spoofed.' Verily the showman hath need of 'spoof' as well as illusion. As in the famous picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, the showman walks between Spoof and Illusion, hand in hand with both.

Yet freaks may still linger on, here and there; but I have not seen a real freak-collection since the days of Barnum, who rather specialized in freaks and always put them in the forefront of his shows. But Barnum,

though a great showman, was a bit behind the times, on this side of the water at least. Freaks were already becoming *démodés* when he brought his lot over here, though his freaks were good freaks. I can still remember his Fat Lady, who was not only quite reasonably fat but both young and pretty, which of course is not in the bond. I have called her reasonably fat, for I do not think I have ever seen in any show what I would call a *really* fat lady. Elsewhere, perhaps, but not in a show.

The travelling freak-van of old had its contents concealed behind a painted canvas, covering the whole front and depicting the object within under conditions and in surroundings hardly quite realizable, one was tempted to think, within the limitations of a caravan. There mermaids combed their hair on rocks, or swam lazily about in warm tropic seas; there boa constrictors wound themselves round the bodies of paralysed Indian maidens, in the depth of Amazonian jungles. Were it a giant who lurked within, a troop of Lifeguardsmen, helmeted and plumed, rode far below his outstretched arm; while elsewhere the mighty African lion strewed the sand with the dismembered fragments of a hundred savages. All this I absorbed somewhat disconsolately, at my first St. Giles's Fair, wandering sadly down the row of painted booths; for my private means would not allow of a closer acquaintance with the interiors, and so I was obliged in imagination to swim in golden lagoons and wander through parrot-haunted jungles which I was not fated to reach in the flesh. Perhaps after all I had the best of the bargain; for even I could not help noticing, after a while, that the audiences remained within for a remarkably short time, considering all the glories that awaited them there, and that when they

came out there was on all their faces what the *Brer Rabbit* book calls 'a spell ob de dry grins,' showing that they had been well 'spoofed' and knew it. And in fact the whole thing was unabashed 'spoofery'—clumsy fakes, dried fish, abortions in bottles, mangy and sickly animals cooped in packing-cases, and so on.

There is, however, a class of spoof which is really ingenious, and witty and amusing as well, and would divert an initiate just as much as those who were deceived. Sanger was a master at that sort of joyous fake, two good examples of which will be found in the tale of Madame Stevens, the Pig-faced Lady, in Chapter XV, and that of the Pipe-smoking Oyster in Chapter XXXII. The pack of ferocious wolves, too, that broke loose and tore a horse to pieces in the very heart of London was a most creditable and agreeable stunt, and Sanger was justifiably proud of it.

It is to the Cinema that much of this wholesome change in the public taste is due. Few fairs of any size are now without an excellent cinema, where we country folk get the stuff we really like—that is, something as far removed as possible from the quiet and somewhat eventless life we lead. Nature studies and the like may appeal to a jaded London audience; we would fain be, for the fleeting moment, something rather slightly different from our daily selves—say a New York millionaire in love with an Indian half-breed; or a lovely heroine, one moment dancing a two-step in a vast and glittering hall thronged with rank and fashion, the next, without even an audible click, being swept down foaming rapids, raising an appealing, be-diamonded hand to heaven, and wearing, strangely enough, three times as much clothing as she ever appears in on dry land. We like—indeed we prefer—when we call on our stockbroker to

buy a hundred Rubbers, to find him stretched on the floor with a bowie-knife through his chest and to be ourselves arrested for the murder. We like it because it is *not* exactly the sort of life we daily lead; and as we stroll homeward across the starlit common towards our farmhouse, vicarage, or simple thatched cottages, we think, 'I wish—oh, *how* I wish—I had married an Indian half-breed!'

If in these random recollections of mine there is found more than a touch of the idyllic, little of the sort is seen in this book of Mr. Sanger's, recording as it does the facts of a strenuous life in the hardest of dry lights. Sanger was born in 1827, and was actively helping his showman-father as early as 1833, when these memoirs begin; and rural England then was as far removed from the England of to-day as from the Sicily of Theocritus. Though it was also the country of *Cranford* and *Our Village*, it was still the country of Fielding, where the police were a small and a feeble folk, and people continued to settle their feuds with fist and cudgel; where, too, unfortunately for the poor showman, the three orders of squire, parson, and 'tough' seemed to join forces against him. The squire 'lagged' or 'jugged' him without much inquiry into right or wrong; the parson 'barred' him, and incited his congregation to do the same; while the rough element, after a fair or a race-meeting, considered it a fitting ending to a happy day to smash up the defenceless showman and all his belongings. Of course it is just those scenes of crime and violence that would make the most vivid impression on the mind of a little boy, and doubtless there were also, in due course, idylls and spells of tranquillity; but the fact remains that the first half of the book consists of a

string of animated scenes both of actual and appalling crime and of most terrifying misadventure

But the period was also the one in which Dickens was busy collecting his first impressions of that side of life, and in the early chapters his show-people leap to life again and show themselves justified in every detail. Here is a passage, for instance, from the record of 1833 (Dickens would then be twenty-one) in which the little George, aged six, was shrilly proclaiming the attractions of his father's peep-show. "'Walk up!' I would pipe, 'walk up and see the only correct views of the terrible murder of Maria Martin They are historically accurate and true to life, depicting the death of Maria at the hands of the villain Corder in the famous Red Barn. You will see how the ghost of Maria appeared to her mother on three successive nights at the bedside, leading to the discovery of the body and the arrest of Corder at Eveley Grove House, Brentford, seven miles from London . . . The arrest of the murderer Corder as he was at [illegible], the officer, [illegible] the serious [illegible] faces, and [illegible] note also, so true to life are these pictures, that even the saucepan is shown upon the fire and the minute glass upon the table timing the boiling of the eggs!'"

There you find the authentic note all that wealth of [illegible] in *Bleak House* of the grisly details of London burying-places.

Nothing that Dickens did in this line was truer to life than Mrs. Grudden, who is still to be found attached to many circuses, contentedly doing all the odd jobs

that seem to be nobody's business in particular, and a solid line or two of her own as well. Such a one we came across once in a little seaside town. When the weary caravans drew into their pitch late one afternoon, it was Mrs. Grudden who unharnessed the horses and led them off to water, helped everybody and directed everybody without fuss or ostentation, started the fire, washed the greens, prepared supper, and at odd moments sat at caravan steps and mended costumes. Next morning she was early in the High Street, in bonnet and shawl, with a capacious basket, doing all the marketing for the troupe. When the afternoon performance began, it was she who took our money at the box-office, and when the principal item in the programme was reached at last, to wit, the Grand International Fantastic Bare-back Ballata, and the band played in the tall spotted old circus-horse, with easy amble and gentle inclination ringwards, there on his pad, to our great delight, stood Mrs. Grudden, erect, sylph-like, if a trifle bunchy in the upper quarters. As they swung round the arena, the horse and she, we were given the Nations each in turn, with the appropriate costume, dance, and pantomime. The costumes she seemed to shake out of herself as a sailor shakes a reef out of a sail; in turn they were swiftly discarded and flung to earth, while such things as caps, shillelaghs, and the flag of the moment were deftly tossed up to her by the clown. As France, erect in Columbine skirt of red, white, and blue and a cap of Liberty, she danced the *Carmagnole* to the music of the *Marseillaise*; anon a Spanish matador, with flowing cloak and little round cap with button on top, she thrust with an imaginary rapier at a fire-breathing bull who, fortunately for us all, was not present, though even if he had been I should have felt quite safe under the aegis

of Mrs. Grudden. As a sailor-boy in loose blue slacks she danced an English horn-pipe and heaved at the said slacks with a will, an Irishman, pipe in hatband and breeches unbuttoned at the knees, she jigged it heel and toe; and in a twinkling was Rob Roy MacGregor, in kilt, plaid and bonnet, footing a reel, with the appropriate twirls and howls, never quitting the broad pad of her unperturbable steed. When we tore ourselves away at last, glancing towards the caravans we espied Mrs. Grudden, back in her bonnet and shawl and rusty black gown, seated on an upturned bucket, contentedly peeling spuds

Sanger's father, the proprietor — and constructor, apparently—of the primitive peep-show of the early chapters, may fairly be considered one of the ancestors of the present Cinema in direct line 'It had twenty-six glasses, so that twenty-six persons could see the views at the same time, the pictures being pulled up and down by strings. At night it was illuminated by a row of tallow candles set between the pictures and the observer, and requiring very regular snuffing' The pictures themselves, which measured about four feet by two and a half, were painted by a (usually) intoxicated Irishman who lived in Leather Lane, his prices being for ordinary crimes (but with plenty of strong colour), three-and-sixpence, battle-pieces, where corpses were more plentiful, seven-and-six From this to Hollywood and Los Angeles may seem a long road, but at least it is a straight one. In 1852 we find the ever up-to-date Sanger replacing his father's faithful old peep-show by one of those new-fangled magic-lanterns The rest is modern history

George Sanger, the genesis of whose self bestowed title must be sought in his own entertaining pages, was quite the most famous showman of his day or perhaps

of any day. He was Napoleonic in his courage, swift decisions, and power to recognize and seize opportunities; most of all, perhaps, in his evident conviction that there was no limit except actual population to the possible extension of the show-world, so that if the happy time ever arrived when we were all at last, men and beasts together, grouped under various shows and eternally displaying ourselves and our tricks to one another, he would not be more than satisfied. He brought circuses to the very doors of thousands who, but for him, might never have seen them; and possibly this very insistence of his, that you should see a circus whether you would or not, is the cause of the somewhat dulled public appetite for this form of entertainment that seems to be noticeable now. That, and perhaps the growth of the passion for games. Fifty years ago the serried masses of the football fans would to some extent have streamed into Sanger's shows. Sanger would have seen to it; he would have made them.

It is interesting to note that Sanger, who, beginning as a conjurer, had handled every possible line of show-stuff in his time, from the moment that he first took over a circus seems to have recognized the one and only profession for his powers, and never looked back, but went on from triumph to triumph till his circuses formed a planetary system all over the Continent, and in England were almost a Milky Way. He made enormous sums of money, and his elephants and camels were as the flocks and herds of the Old Testament patriarchs. Those were the palmy days of circuses. All right-minded persons went to circuses—their children took good care they did. The glaring posters covered every hoarding, on every road one met their great mysterious closed vans. Where are they all now, and—what is more inter-

esting—what change in the public taste is causing their shrinkage in number, if not their disappearance? Possibly the dwindling employment of the horse has led to an abatement of the interest taken in him as an animal. Children nowadays much prefer a shiny motor-car to a cream-coloured Arab or a piebald pony, though no motor that I know of can stand on its hind-legs and do enchanting tricks, or lie down and pretend to be dead. Or perhaps it simply means that there is no longer a 'Lord' George Sanger.

Well, if our circus-revels now are ended, which I devoutly hope is not really the case, at least their record will remain, writ by their own Prospero. For a magician George Sanger really was, sending out his Ariels along all the roads of the world, and with masques and solemn processions entertaining kings and queens—yea, even her who gives its title to that bygone period, Queen Victoria herself. Therefore some will prefer the later chapters of this simple but high-spirited book, records of triumph upon triumph in this strange world of barbaric display and trumpeting processions wherein he moved like an emperor. For myself I like best the early struggles, the simple joys and sorrows, the wanderings of little George and his indomitable father upon the open road with its ale-houses and toll-gates, over commons, or with their pitch on a wayside strip of grass, with their peep-show and its accompanying patter. And I like to think that in one of their little roadside audiences might have been seen, lingering and listening and noting, a handsome young man, a bit of a dandy in his dress, already known to his friends as a lad of some promise—one Charles Dickens.

THE ARCHDEACON'S HORSE

Times Third Leader

There are always two ways of putting things—the plain and the coloured, the commonplace and the romantic. The parishioners of South Mimms, according to a paragraph that we published yesterday, prefer the coloured, the romantic. We should even venture to call it the humorous, were it not unseemly to suggest humour in an annual church meeting. The annual church meeting of that pleasant Hertfordshire parish desired to know why they should pay an annual sum of eighteen shillings for the Archdeacon's visitation. They had no complaint, so far as we were told, of their Archdeacon: they offered no criticism of archidiaconal functions in general; they merely wondered why the performance of those functions should cost them eighteen shillings a year. The answer was that the sum represented the cost of putting up the Archdeacon's horse. But the world has changed since the days of Archdeacon Grantley and the Rev. Mark Robarts. The Archdeacon has no horse; or, if a horse he has, he has never been known to enter South Mimms upon it or behind it. He is as likely to arrive upon a hippogriff, or driving the lynxes of Dionysus. Eighteen shillings a year was being spent upon the keep of a horse that had no being, precisely as, in *Crotchet Castle*, one guinea a year was being paid to the Rev. Dr. Folliott for ministrations to an almshouse that had ceased to be. If the Vicar of South Mimms expressed himself in the manner of Dr. Folliott, our report made no mention of his eloquence. But two courses were open to the meeting.

They might have taken the plain course and resolved that, since there was no archidiaconal horse, there should be no archidiaconal eighteen shillings. They earned the gratitude of all lovers of romance and colour by deciding that, since there was an eighteen shillings, there must be a horse. It was unanimously resolved that the Archdeacon should visit the parish on horseback so long as the fee was levied.

So far, therefore, has progress been made towards solving an old problem and defining archidiaconal functions They include, at least at South Mimms, the riding of a horse. The Archdeacon must have a horse. He is already dressed for riding, for the peripatetic clergy—Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons—only wear gaiters and aprons because that is the old riding-dress, and tie the brims to the crowns of their hats with strings that once were meant to tie hat to head against wind and rapid motion. Nothing is needed except a horse. What sort of horse shall it be? The Venerable the Archdeacon should have a venerable horse; but it should not be decrepit. It must not look as if eighteen shillings a year were all it had to live upon, it must not be like Parson Yorick's horse, 'a lean, sorry, jack-ass of a horse,' for the Archdeacon will have neither opportunity nor need to 'draw up an argument in his sermon —or a hole in his breeches,' as he rides into South Mimms. On the other hand, the horse must not be so gay a beast as to suggest that the eighteen shillings had all been spent at once in an orgy of oats and bran-mashes, or that the Vicar or the Clerk ought to hunt it six days a week to keep it quiet. We should suggest a mule, the mule being an ecclesiastical animal in past days and of a ceremonial quality. But before deciding on a mule South Mimms should remember how the

Pope's mule was stolen, and how another ecclesiastic, the Abbess of Andouillets, once found mule-driving all but incompatible with sanctity. A horse it must be; but, so far as we are aware, there is no law, custom, or precedent to prescribe its colour, breed, age, size, and disposition. According to the old story, a Bishop once persuaded a clergyman to drive pair instead of tandem by showing him the difference between the hands held side by side before the face and the hands extended one in front of the other from the nose-tip. But it looks as if South Mimms would have a free field to choose (in consultation, of course, with the Archdeacon) the sort of horse which may be most archidiaconal in character. Black, we submit, might be too funereal for the glad occasion. Bay or chestnut would undoubtedly be a thought too worldly. The ideal would be one of the cream-coloured horses that used to draw the Royal coach on State occasions. But it is not for us to dictate to South Mimms, which pays the eighteen shillings, and has a right to choose the horse, nor to the Archdeacon, whose pride it will be to ride him. Whatever the choice, we look forward confidently to another holiday for Londoners. The Great North Road will be crowded with vehicles mechanically propelled on the day when the Archdeacon rides, amid fluttering flags and blowing trumpets and huzzaing parishioners, on visitation into South Mimms.

DANDY: A STORY OF A DOG

W. H. Hudson: *A Traveller in Little Things*

He was of mixed breed, and was supposed to have a strain of Dandy Dinmont blood which gave him his name. A big ungainly animal with a rough shaggy coat of blue-grey hair and white on his neck and clumsy paws. He looked like a Sussex sheep-dog with legs reduced to half their proper length. He was, when I first knew him, getting old and increasingly deaf and dim of sight, otherwise in the best of health and spirits, or at all events very good-tempered.

Until I knew Dandy I had always supposed that the story of Ludlam's dog
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believe that Ludlam's dog did exist once upon a time, centuries ago perhaps, and that if he had been the laziest dog
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He barked often, though never at strangers, he welcomed every visitor, even the tax-collector, with tail-waggings and a smile. He spent a good deal of his time in the large kitchen, where he had a sofa to sleep on, and when the two cats of the house wanted an hour's rest they would coil themselves up on Dandy's broad shaggy side, preferring that bed to cushion or rug. They were like a warm blanket over him, and it was

a sort of mutual benefit society. After an hour's sleep Dandy would go out for a short constitutional as far as the neighbouring thoroughfare, where he would blunder against people, wag his tail to everybody, and then come back. He had six or eight or more outings each day, and, owing to doors and gates being closed and to his lazy disposition, he had much trouble in getting out and in. First he would sit down in the hall and bark, bark, bark, until someone would come to open the door for him, whereupon he would slowly waddle down the garden path, and if he found the gate closed he would again sit down and start barking. And the bark, bark would go on until someone came to let him out. But if after he had barked about twenty or thirty times no one came, he would deliberately open the gate himself, which he could do perfectly well, and let himself out. In twenty minutes or so he would be back at the gate and barking for admission once more and finally, if no one paid any attention, letting himself in.

Dandy always had something to eat at meal-times but he too liked a snack between meals once or twice a day. The dog-biscuits were kept in an open box on the lower dresser shelf, so that he could get one 'whenever he felt so dispoged,' but he didn't like the trouble this arrangement gave him, so he would sit down and start barking, and as he had a bark which was both deep and loud, after it had been repeated a dozen times at intervals of five seconds, any person who happened to be in or near the kitchen was glad to give him his biscuit for the sake of peace and quietness. If no one gave it him, he would then take it out himself and eat it.

Now it came to pass that during the last year of the war dog-biscuits, like many other articles of food for

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greatly and often reminded us of it by barking; then, lest we should think he was barking about something else, he would go and sniff and paw at the empty box. He perhaps thought it was pure forgetfulness on the part of those of the house who went every morning to do the marketing and had fallen into the habit of returning without any dog-biscuits in the basket. One day during that last winter of scarcity and anxiety I went to the kitchen and found the floor strewn all over with the fragments of Dandy's biscuit-box. Dandy himself had done it; he had dragged the box from its

was that as the box was there to hold biscuits and now held none, he had come to regard it as useless—as having lost its function, so to speak—also that its presence there was an insult to his intelligence, a constant temptation to make a fool of himself by visiting it half a [illegible] find it empty as usual.

Better, [illegible]

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Dandy, from the time I first knew him, was strictly teetotal, but in former and distant days he had been rather fond of his glass. If a person held up a glass of beer before him, I was told, he wagged his tail in joyful anticipation, and a little beer was always given him at

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man and beast, grew scarce, and were finally not to be had at all. At all events, that was what happened in Dandy's town of Penzance. He missed his biscuits greatly and often reminded us of it by barking; then, lest we should think he was barking about something else, he would go and sniff and paw at the empty box. He perhaps thought it was pure forgetfulness on the part of those of the house who went every morning to do the marketing and had fallen into the habit of returning without any dog-biscuits in the basket. One day during that last winter of scarcity and anxiety I went to the kitchen and found the floor strewn all over with the fragments of Dandy's biscuit-box. Dandy himself had done it, he had dragged the box from its place out into the middle of the floor, and then deliberately set himself to bite and tear it into small pieces and scatter them about. He was caught at it just as he was finishing the job, and the kindly person who surprised

[illegible]

was that as the box was there to hold biscuits and now held none, he had come to regard it as useless—as having lost its function, so to speak—also that its presence there was an insult to his intelligence, a constant temptation to make a fool of himself by visiting it half a dozen times a day only to find it empty as usual. Better, then, to get rid of it altogether, and no doubt when he did it he put a little temper into the business!

Dandy, from the time I first knew him, was strictly teetotal, but in former and distant days he had been rather fond of his glass. If a person held up a glass of beer before him, I was told, he wagged his tail in joyful anticipation, and a little beer was always given him at

eal-time. Then he had an experience, which, after a ttle hesitation, I have thought it best to relate, as it is erhaps the most curious incident in Dandy's somewhat neventful life.

One day Dandy, who after the manner of his kind ad attached himself to the person who was always willing to take him out for a stroll, followed his friend to a neighbouring public-house, where the said friend had to discuss some business matter with the landlord. They went into the taproom, and Dandy, finding that the business was going to be a rather long affair, settled himself down to have a nap. Now it chanced that a barrel of beer which had just been broached had a leaky tap, and the landlord had set a basin on the floor to catch the waste. Dandy, waking from his nap and hearing the trickling sound, got up, and going to the basin quenched his thirst, after which he resumed his nap. By and by he woke again and had a second drink, and altogether he woke and had a drink five or six times; then, the business being concluded, they went out together, but no sooner were they in the fresh air than Dandy began to exhibit signs of inebriation. He swerved from side to side, colliding with the passers-by, and finally fell off the pavement into the swift stream of water which at that point runs in the gutter at one side of the street. Getting out of the water, he started again trying to keep close to the wall to save himself from another ducking. People looked curiously at him, and by and by they began to ask what the matter was. 'Is your dog going to have a fit—or what is it?' they asked. Dandy's friend said he didn't know; something was the matter no doubt, and he would take him home as quickly as possible and see to it.

When they finally got to the house Dandy staggered

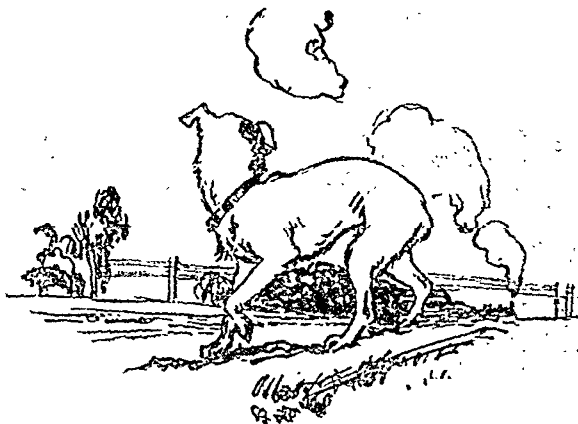
he rose quite refreshed and appeared to have forgotten all about it; but that day when at dinner-time someone said 'Dandy' and held up a glass of beer, instead of

and it was plain that when they tried to tempt him, setting beer before him and smilingly inviting him to drink, he knew they were mocking him, and before turning away he would emit a low growl and show his teeth. It was the one thing that put him out and would make him angry with his friends and life companions.

I should not have related this incident if Dandy had been alive. But he is no longer with us He was old —half-way between fifteen and sixteen: it seemed as though he had waited to see the end of the war, since no sooner was the armistice proclaimed than he began to decline rapidly. Gone deaf and blind, he still insisted

This went on till January 1919, when some of the boys he knew were coming back to Penzance and to the house. Then he established himself on his sofa, and we knew that his end was near, for there he would sleep all day and all night, declining food. It is customary in this country to chloroform a dog and give him a dose of strychnine to 'put him out of his misery' But it was not necessary in this case, as he was not in misery; not a groan did he ever emit, waking or sleeping, and if you

put a hand on him he would look up and wag his tai just to let you know that it was well with him. And ir his sleep he passed away—a perfect case of euthanasia —and was buried in the large garden near the seconc apple-tree.



In reviewing my garden after a year's tenancy I am aware that there should be, according to vulgar taste, a good many more flowers in it. I still notice a complete absence of *Kniphofia nobilis* and *Eupatorium purpurem*, *Coreopsis grandiflora* makes no gay show, and *Solidago canadense* has not flowered, unless that funny little thing down by the potting shed is it. People, whose gardens are a positive mass of bloom, come and ask me about mine.

'Why isn't your garden a positive mass of bloom?' they say crossly, and I have to apologize

But in my heart I am content, for there are in my garden, as they say in the French exercise books, some apples, some pears, and some plums. And when I say that I consider these to be the most important product of the flower-garden in late August and early September, I am not alone in my opinion. I have the best literary judgment on my side
and philosopher, Bacc
you don't remember, 1

Not, by the way, tł
points to be all that it is cracked up to be He seems to me to be the kind of man who gets off a very good thing at the beginning of an article and depends on a mere trick of style for the rest. When he serves you a snorter like—'It is generally better to *deale* by speech, than by letter: And by the Mediation of a Third, than by a Man's Selfe'; or '*Houses* are built to live in, and not

to looke on'—one can't help thinking 'This is real tournament form.' But I doubt if one would be so much staggered by the rest if it wasn't for that trick of using italics and capital letters and putting all the punctuation marks in the wrong places. I often wonder that the newspapers don't use this dodge to report impressive speeches. It makes the most futile and commonplace remarks look so wise. Take some examples culled from recent oratory:

> I am a Believer in *Providence*: and when I see *Darke* Clouds I say, They will scatter *by* and *by*. And *Thank* God the same Old Sunne, is there *behind*.

You can't think how immensely I have improved that. And this too:

> The Prosperity of a *Shoppe*, does not depend, Upon the Goodes *inside* it: You may have the *same Goodes* (more *goodes* as a Matter of Fact). But, there is no one *to Buy*.

Or one might use it for cricket matches, thus:

> *Surrey* went oute for a *Winne* Last Year. To the greate *Disgust of Lancashire*: Who would have Been Champions, in *Case* of a *Drawe*.

Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, telling you about Bacon's opinion of gardens in August and September. Well, Bacon's idea of a garden was pretty spacious, because he thought 'the Contents, ought not well to be, under *Thirty Acres of Ground*,' of which *Foure Acres* were to be assigned to the *Greene*, rather a niggardly proportion of grass, perhaps, if the owners wanted to ask more than a thousand people to lawn tennis at once, but lawn tennis was no doubt considered a contumacious and turbulent pastime in Bacon's day. You might expect that in all these acres provision would have been

made for a riot of colour during August and September. But what do we find?—

In *August*, come Plummes of all sorts in Fruit, Peares, Apricockes; Berberries; Filberds, Muske-Melons; Monks Hoods, of all colours In *September*, come Grapes, Apples; Poppies of all colours, Peaches, Melo-Cotones, Nectarines, Cornelians, Wardens, Quinces

Quite obviously, then, according to the opinion of one of the greatest and most original Englishmen that ever breathed, my garden has been doing its bit. It doesn't contain all the things that Bacon says it ought to contain, but most of the things are of the right type. We have apples, pears, plums, and some things which I firmly believe would have developed into nectarines if they had not dropped off so soon. At any rate, they had a seam down the centre and swerved trickily in the air when we tried playing stump-cricket with them. We had also an excellent peach, which we allowed to linger on the wall until it was perfectly ripe and had beautiful crimson cheeks. Unhappily, when it was picked, it stung. I am not quite clear what Bacon means by a Melo-Cotone, but we have some vegetable marrows, and if anybody can think of a name which Bacon would be more likely to give to a vegetable marrow than a Melo-Cotone, I shall be very glad to hear what it is.

Many people say that Bacon wrote Shakespeare For my own part, until the other day I doubted this. I felt that a man who spent so much time in being Lord Chancellor and in writing philosophy would have had little time for odd literary jobs. I used to point out that Lord Birkenhead had never written Bernard Shaw, or even the Bible, and, therefore, there was no reason why Lord Bacon should have done the other thing. Besides,

as I have stated already, the man's style hardly seemed to me to be good enough when you put it into ordinary print. But now that I have seen how his mellow judgment coincides with my own on the subject of gardens in August and September, I am *Almost* Converted.



LONDON BRIDGE

SIR WALTER BESANT *The History of London*

PART I

Probably it was quite a narrow bridge consisting of beams laid across side by side and a railing at the side. That these beams were not close together is known by the fact that so many coins have been found in the bed of the river beneath the old Bridge.

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erected St. Mary Overies Priory, to which belonged the church now called St. Saviour's, Southwark. The docks at either end of the old ferry still remain.

The Bridge had many misfortunes. It is said to have been destroyed by the Danes in 1013 Perhaps for 'destruction' we should read 'damage' It was, however, certainly burned down in the Great Fire of 1136. Another, also of wood, was built in its place, and in the year 1176 a bridge of stone was commenced, which took thirty years to build and remained standing till the year 1831, when the present Bridge was completed and the old one pulled down.

The architect of this stone Bridge, destined to stand for six hundred and fifty years, was one Peter, Chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch in the Old Jewry (the church was destroyed in the Great Fire and not rebuilt).

Now the building of bridges was regarded, at this time, as a work of piety. If we consider how a bridge helps the people, we shall agree with our forefathers. Without a bridge, those living on one side of a river can only carry on intercourse with those on the other side by means of boats. Merchants cannot carry their wares about: farmers cannot get their produce to market: wayfarers can only get across by ferry: armies cannot march—if you wish to follow an army across a country where there are no bridges you must look for fords. Roads are useless unless bridges cross the rivers. The first essential to the union of a nation is the possibility of intercommunication: without roads and bridges the man of Devon is a stranger and an enemy to the man of Somerset. We who have bridges over every river: who need never even ford a stream: who hardly know what a ferry means: easily forget that these bridges did not grow like the oaks and the elms but were built after long study of the subject by men who were trained for the work just as other men were trained and taught to build cathedrals and churches. A religious order was founded in France in the twelfth century: it was called the Order of the 'Pontife Brethren—*Pontife* is Pontifex—that is—Bridge Builder. The Bridge Building Brothers constructed many bridges in France of which several still remain. It is not certain that Peter of Colechurch was one of this Brotherhood perhaps not. When he died, in 1205, before the Bridge was completed, King John called over a French 'Pontife' named Isembert who had built bridges at La Rochelle

and Saintes. But the principal builders are said to have been three merchants of London named Serle Mercer, William Almain, and Benedict Botewrite. The building of the Bridge was regarded as a national work: the King: the great Lords· the Bishops: as well as the London Citizens, gave money to hasten its completion The list of donors was preserved on 'a table fair written for posterity' in the Chapel on the Bridge. It was unhappily destroyed in the Great Fire.

It must not be supposed that the Bridge of Peter Colechurch was like the present stately [illegible] l arches. I[illegible] only two [illegible] feet to 32 [illegible] therefore were very narrow the piers were also of different lengths. These irregularities were certainly intentional and were based upon some observations on the rise and fall of the tide No other great Bridge had yet been constructed across a tidal river.

When the Bridge was built it was thought necessary to consecrate it to some saint The latest saint, St. Thomas Becket, was chosen as the titular saint of this Bridge. A chapel, dedicated to him, was built in the centre pier of the Bridge: it was, in fact, a double chapel in the lower part, the crypt, was buried Peter of Colechurch himself: the upper part, which escaped the Great Fire, became, after the Reformation, a warehouse

PART II

Houses were erected in course of time along the Bridge on either side like a street, but with intervals; and along the roadway in the middle were chain posts

to protect the passengers. As the Bridge was only 40 feet wide the houses must have been small. But they were built out at the back overhanging the river, and the roadway itself was not intended for carts or wheeled vehicles. Remember that everything was brought to the City on pack-horse or pack-ass. The table of Tolls sanctioned by King Edward I makes no mention of cart or wagon at all. Men on horseback and loaded horses can get along with a very narrow road. Perhaps we may allow twelve feet for the road, which gives for the houses on either side a depth of 14 feet each.

These houses were occupied chiefly by shops, most of which were 'haberdashers and traders in small wares.' Later on there were many booksellers. Paper merchants and stationers, after the Reformation, occupied the chapel. The great painter Hans Holbein lived on the Bridge and the two marine painters Peter Monamy and Dominic Serres also lived here.

The narrowness of the arches and the rush of the flowing or the ebbing tide made the 'shooting' of the Bridge a matter of great danger. The Duke of Norfolk in 1429 was thrown into the water by the capsizing of his boat and narrowly escaped with his life. Queen Henrietta, in 1628, was nearly wrecked in the same way by running into the piers while shooting the Bridge. Rubens the painter was thrown into the water in the same way.

One of the twenty arches formed a drawbridge which allowed vessels of larger size than barges to pass up the river and could be used to keep back an enemy. In this way Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1557 was kept out of London. Before this drawbridge stood a tower on the battlements of which were placed the heads of traitors and criminals. The heads of Sir William Wallace, Jack

Cade, Sir Thomas More and many others were stuck up here. On the Southwark side was another tower.

The Bridge, which was the pride and boast of London, was endowed with lands for its maintenance; the rents of the houses were also collected for the same purpose; a toll was imposed on all merchandise carried across; and a Brotherhood was formed, called the Brethren of St. Thomas on the Bridge, whose duty it was to perform service in the chapel and to keep the Bridge in repair.

Repairs were always wanting. To keep some of the force of the water off the piers these were furnished with 'starlings,' i.e. at first piles driven down in front of the piers, afterwards turned into [illegible] of stone. Then corn mills were built in some of the openings, and in the year 1582 great [illegible] [illegible] There was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The Fire destroyed the houses on the Bridge, some of which were not rebuilt: and in the year 1757 all the houses were removed from the Bridge.

The New Bridge was finished and opened in [illegible]; it stands 180 feet west of its predecessor. Then the Old Bridge was pulled down. The work of Peter Colechurch lasted from 1209 to 1831, or 622 years. The Pontifical Brothers, therefore, knew how to put in good and lasting work.

This is the history of London Bridge. First a narrow wooden gangway of beams lying on timber piles with a fortified gate, then a stone structure of twenty irregular arches, the Bridge broad but the roadway still narrow, with houses on either side and a fortress and a chapel upon it—in those times there was always a fortress, and there was always a chapel. It must be [illegible]

place of residence: the air fresh and clear: the supply of water unlimited—one drew it up in a bucket: always something going on: the entrance of a foreign ambassador, a religious procession, a riding of the Lord Mayor, a pageant, a nobleman with his livery, a Bishop or a Prior with his servants, a pilgrimage, a string of pack-horses out of Kent bringing fruit for the City: always something to see. Then there were the stories and traditions of the place, with the songs which the children sang about the Bridge. Especially there was the story of Edward Osborne. He was the son of one Richard Osborne, a gentleman of Kent. Like many sons of the poor country gentlemen, he was sent up to London and apprenticed to Sir William Hewitt, a cloth worker who lived on London Bridge. His master had a daughter named Anne, a little girl who one day, while playing with her nurse at an open window overhanging the river, fell out into the rushing water sixty feet below. The apprentice, young Osborne, leaped into the river after her and succeeded in saving her. When the girl was grown up her father gave her to his ex-apprentice, Edward Osborne, to wife. Edward Osborne became Lord Mayor. His descendant is now Duke of Leeds. So that the Dukedom of Leeds sprang from that gallant leap out of the window overhanging the river Thames from London Bridge.

LAYING UP THE BOAT

Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch: *From a Cornish Window*

There arrives a day towards the end of October—or with luck we may tide over into November—when the wind in the mainsail suddenly takes a winter force, and we begin to talk of laying up the boat. Hitherto we have kept a silent compact and ignored all change in the season. We have watched the blue afternoons shortening, fading through lilac into grey, and let pass their scarcely perceptible warnings. One afternoon a few kittiwakes appeared. A week later the swallows fell to stringing themselves like beads along the coastguard's telephone wire on the hill. They vanished, and we pretended not to miss them. When our hands grew chill with steering we rubbed them by stealth or stuck them nonchalantly in our pockets. But this vicious unmistakable winter gust breaks the spell. We take one look around the harbour, and at the desolate buoys awash and tossing, we cast another seaward at the thick weather through which, in a week at latest, will come looming the earliest of the Baltic merchantmen, our November visitors—*bluff vessels with red-painted channels, green deck-houses, white top-strakes, wooden davits overhanging astern, and the Danish flag fluttering aloft in the haze.* Then we find speech; and with us, as with the swallows, the move into winter quarters is not long delayed when once it comes into discussion. We have dissembled too

day comes, in ceremonial silence. *Favete linguis!* The hour helps us, for the spring-tides at this season reach their height a little after night-fall, and it is on an already slackening flood that we cast off our moorings and head up the river with our backs to the waning sunset. Since we tow a dinghy astern and are ourselves towed by the silent yachtsman, you may call it a procession. She has been stripped, during the last two days, of sails, rigging, and all spars but the mainmast. Now we bring her alongside the town quay and beneath the shears—the abhorred shears—which lift this too out of its step, dislocated with a creak as poignant as the cry of Polydorus. We lower it, lay it along the deck, and resume our way; past quay doors and windows where already the townsfolk are beginning to light their lamps; and so by the jetties where foreign crews rest with elbows on bulwarks and stare down upon us idly through the dusk. She is after all but a little cutter of six tons, and we might well apologize, like the Athenian, for so diminutive a corpse. But she is our own; and they never saw her with jackyarder spread, or spinnaker or jib-topsail delicate as samite—those heavenly wings!—nor felt her gallant spirit straining to beat her own record before a tense northerly breeze. Yet even to them her form, in pure white with gilt fillet, might tell of no common obsequies.

For in every good ship the miracle of Galatea is renewed; and the shipwright who sent this keel down the ways to her element surely beheld the birth of a goddess. He still speaks of her with pride, but the conditions of his work keep him a modest man; for he goes about it under the concentrated gaze of half a dozen old mariners hauled ashore, who haunt his yard uninvited, slow of speech but deadly critical. Nor has

the language a word for their appalling candour Often, admiring how cheerfully he tolerates them, I have wondered what it would feel like to compose a novel under the eyes of half a dozen reviewers. But to him, as to his critics, the ship was a framework only until the terrible moment when with baptism she took life. Did he in the rapture, the brief ecstasy of creation, realize that she had passed from him? Ere the local artillery band had finished *Rule Britannia*, and while his friends were still shaking his hands and drinking to him, did he know his loss in his triumph? His fate is to improve the world, not to possess, to chase perfection, knowing that under the final mastering touch it must pass from his hand; to lose his works and anchor himself upon the workmanship, the immaterial function For of art this is the cross and crown in one, and he, modest man, was born to the sad eminence

She is ours now by purchase, but ours, too, by something better. *Like a slave's her beautiful untaught body* came to us; but it was we who gave wings to her, and with wings a soul, and a law to its grace, and discipline to its vital impulses She is ours, too, by our gratitude, since the delicate machine

Has like a woman given up its joy

and by *memories of her helpfulness* in such modest perils as we tempt, of her sweet companionship through long days empty of annoyance—land left behind with its striving crowds, its short views, its idols of the market-place, its sordid worries, the breast flung wide to the horizon, swept by wholesome salt airs, void perhaps, but so beatifically clean! Then it was that we *learned her worth, drinking in the knowledge* without effort, lulled hour after hour by her whisperings which

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asked for no answer, by the pulse of her tiller soft against the palm. Patter of reef-points, creak of cordage, hum of wind, hiss of brine—I think at times that she had found a more human language. Who that has ever steered for hours together cannot report of a mysterious voice 'breaking the silence of the seas,' as though a friend were standing and speaking astern? or has not turned his head to the confident inexplicable call? The fishermen fable of drowned sailors 'hailing their names.' But the voice is of a single speaker; it bears no likeness to the hollow tones of the dead; it calls no name, it utters no particular word. It merely speaks. Sometimes, ashamed at being tricked by an illusion so absurd, I steal a glance at the yachtsman forward. He is smoking, placidly staring at the clouds. Patently he was not the speaker, and patently he has heard nothing. Was it Cynthia, my dearer shipmate? She, too, knows the voice; even answered it one day, supposing it mine, and in her confusion I surprised our common secret. *But we never hear it together. She is seated now on* the lee side of the cockpit, her hands folded on the combing, her chin rested on them, and her eyes gazing out beneath the sail and across the sea, from which they surely have drawn their wine-coloured glooms. She has not stirred for many minutes. No, it was not Cynthia. Then either it must be the wild, obedient spirit who carries us, straining at the impassable bar of speech, to break through and be at one with her master, or else—Can it have been Ariel, perched aloft in the shrouds, with mischievous harp?

> That was the chirp of Ariel
> You heard, as overhead it flew,
> The farther going more to dwell
> And wing our green to wed our blue;

But whether note of joy or knell
Not his own Father-singer knew,
Nor yet can any mortal tell,
Save only how it shivers through,
The breast of us a sounded shell,
The blood of us a lighted dew

Perhaps; but for my part I believe it was the ship; and if you deride my belief, I shall guess you one of those who need a figure-head to remind them of a vessel's sex. There are minds which find a certain romance in figure-heads. To me they seem a frigid, unintelligible device, not to say idolatrous. I have known a crew to set so much store by one that they kept a tinsel locket and pair of ear-rings in the forecastle and duly adorned their darling when in port. But this is materialism. The true personality of a ship resides in no prefiguring lump of wood with a sightless smile to which all seas come alike and all weathers. Lay your open palm on the mast, rather, and feel life pulsing beneath it, trembling through and along every nerve of her. Are you converted? That life is yours to control. Take the tiller, then, and for an hour be a god! For indeed you shall be a god, and of the very earliest. The centuries shall run out with the chain as you slip moorings—run out and drop from you, plumb, and leave you free, winged! Or if you cannot forget in a moment times to which you were born, each wave shall turn back a page as it rolls past to break on the shore towards which you revert no glance Even the romance of it shall fade with the murmur of that coast.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal
Such as gleam in ancient lore,
And the singing of the sailor,
And the answer from the shore—

these shall pass and leave you younger than romance

—a child open-eyed and curious, pleased to meet a sea-parrot or a rolling porpoise, or to watch the gannets diving:

> As Noah saw them dive
> O'er sunken Ararat.

Yes, and sunset shall bring you, a god, to the gates o a kingdom I must pause to describe for you, though when you reach it you will forget my description and imagine yourself its first discoverer. But that is par of its charm.

Walter Pater, reading the Odyssey, was brought u (as we say) 'with a round turn' by a passage wherei Homer describes briefly and with accuracy how som mariners came to harbour, took down sail, and steppe ashore. It filled him with wonder that so simple a incident—not to say ordinary—could be made s poetical; and, having pondered it, he divided the credi between the poet and his fortunate age—a time (sai he) in which one could hardly have spoken at all withou ideal effect, or the sailors pulled down their boat with out making a picture 'in the great style' against a sk charged with marvels.

You will discover, when you reach the river-mout of which I am telling, and are swept over the rollin bar into quiet water—you will discover (and with ease being a god) that Mr. Pater was entirely mistaken, an the credit belongs neither to Homer nor to his fortunat age. For here are woods with woodlanders, and field with ploughmen, and beaches with fishermen haulin nets; and all these men, as they go about their work contrive to make pictures 'in the great style' agains a sky charged with marvels, obviously without an assistance from Homer, and quite as if nothing ha happened for, say, the last three thousand years. Tha

the immemorial craft of seafaring has no specially 'heroic age'—or that, if it have, that age is yours—you will discover by watching your own yachtsman as he moves about lowering foresail and preparing to drop anchor.

It is a river of gradual golden sunsets, such as Wilson painted — a broad-bosomed flood between deep and tranquil woods, the main banks holding here and there a village as in an arm maternally crook'd, but opening into creeks where the oaks dip their branches in the high tides, where the stars are glassed all night long without a ripple, and where you may spend whole days with no company but herons and sandpipers Even by the main river each separate figure—the fisherman on the shore, the ploughman on the upland, the ferryman crossing between them — moves slowly upon a large landscape, while, permeating all, 'the essential silence cheers and blesses.' After a week at anchor in the heart of this silence Cynthia and I compared notes, and set down the total population at fifty souls; and even so she would have it that I had included the owls. Lo! the next morning an unaccustomed rocking awoke us in our berths, and, raising the flap of our dew-drenched awning, we 'descried at sunrise an emerging prow' of a peculiarly hideous excursion steamboat She blew no whistle, and we were preparing to laugh at her grotesque temerity when we became aware of a score of boats putting out towards her from the shadowy banks. Like spectres they approached, reached her, and discharged their complements, until at last a hundred and fifty passengers crowded her deck. In silence—or in such silence as a paddle-boat can achieve —she backed, turned, and bore them away: on what festal errand we never discovered. We never saw them

return. For aught I know they may never have returned. They raised no cheer; no band accompanied them; they passed without the faintest hum of conversation. In five minutes at most the apparition had vanished around the river-bend seawards and out of sight. We stared at the gently heaving water, turned, and caught sight of Euergetes, his head and red cap above the forecastle hatch. (I call our yachtsman Euergetes because it is so unlike his real name that neither he nor his family will recognize it.) 'Why, Euergetes,' exclaimed Cynthia, 'wherever did they all come from?' 'I 'm sure I can't tell you, ma'am,' he answered, 'unless 'twas from the woods,' giving us to picture these ardent holiday-makers roosting all night in the trees while we slumbered. But the odd thing was that the labourers manned the fields that day, the fishermen the beach that evening, in undiminished numbers. We landed, and could detect no depletion in the village. We landed on subsequent days, and discovered no increase. And the inference, though easy, was startling.

I suppose that 'in the great style' could hardly be predicted of our housekeeping on these excursions; and yet it achieves, in our enthusiastic opinion, a primitive elegance not often recaptured by mortals since the passing of the Golden Age. We cook for ourselves, but bring a fine spirit of emulation both to *cuisine* and service. We dine frugally, but the claret is sound. From the moment when Euergetes awakes us by washing down the deck, and the sound of water rushing through the scuppers calls me forth to discuss the weather with him, method rules the early hours, that we may be free to use the later as we list. First the cockpit beneath the awning must be prepared as a dressing-room for Cynthia; next Euergetes summoned

on deck to valet me with the simple bucket. And when I am dressed and tingling from the *douche*, and sit me down on the cabin top, barefooted and whistling, to clean the boots, and Euergetes has been sent ashore for milk and eggs, bread and clotted cream, there follows a peaceful half-hour until Cynthia flings back a corner [illegible] Then [illegible] ding [illegible] wer [illegible] the [illegible] set forth. Meanwhile Euergetes has returned, and from the forecastle comes the sputter of red mullet cooking. Cynthia clatters the cups and saucers, while in the well by the cabin door I perform some acquired tricks with [illegible]

By ten o'clock or thereabouts we have breakfasted, my pipe is lit, and a free day lies before us:

> All the wood to ransack,
> All the wave explore

We take the dinghy and quest after adventures The nearest railway lies six miles off, and is likely to deposit no one in whom we have the least concern The woods are deep, we carry our lunch-basket and may roam independent of taverns If the wind invite, we can hoist our small sail; if not we can recline and drift and stare at the heavens, or land and bathe, or search in vain for curlews' or kingfishers' nests, or in more energetic moods seek out a fisherman and hire him to shoot his seine. Seventy red mullet have I seen fetched at one haul out of those delectable waters, remote and

enchanted as the lake whence the fisherman at the genie's orders drew fish for the young king of the Black Isles. But such days as these require no filling, and why should I teach you how to fill them?

Best hour of all perhaps is that before bedtime, when the awning has been spread once more, and after long hours in the open our world narrows to the circle of the reading-lamp in the cockpit. Our cabin is prepared. Through the open door we see its red curtain warm in the light of the swinging lamp, the beds laid, the white sheets turned back. Still we grudge these moments to sleep. Outside we hear the tide streaming seawards, light airs play beneath the awning, above it rides the host of heaven. And here, gathered into a few square feet, we have home — larder, cellar, library, tables, and cupboards; life's small appliances with the human comradeship they serve, chosen for their service after severely practical discussion, yet ultimately by the heart's true nesting-instinct. We are isolated, bound even to this strange river-bed by a few fathoms of chain only. To-morrow we can lift anchor and spread wing; but we carry home with us.

> I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
> Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night;
> I will make a palace fit for you and me
> Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.
>
> I will make my kitchen and you shall keep your room
> Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
> And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
> In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

You see now what memories we lay up with the boat. Will you think it ridiculous that after such royal days of summer, her inconspicuous obsequies have before

now put me in mind of Turner's 'Fighting *Téméraire*'? I declare, at any rate, that the fault lies not with me, but with our country's painters and poets for providing no work of art nearer to my mood. We English have a [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

in which as a race we are less expert, and stand before that picture of Turner's in the National Gallery. The late Mr. Froude believed in a good time coming when the sea-captains of Elizabeth are to find their bard and sit enshrined in 'a great English national epic as grand as the Odyssey.' It may be, but as yet our poets have achieved but a *few* sea-fights, marine adventures, and occasional pieces, which wear a spirited but accidental look, and suggest the excursionist. On me, at any rate, no poem in our language—not even *The Ancient Mariner*—binds as that picture binds, the

> *Mystic spell*
> *Which none but sailors know or feel*
> *And none but they can tell*—

if indeed they *can* tell. In it Turner *seized* and rolled together in one triumphant moment the emotional effect of noble shipping and a sentiment as ancient and profound as the sea itself—human regret for transitory human glory. The great warship, *glimmering* in her Mediterranean fighting-paint, moving like a queen to execution; the pert and ignoble tug, itself an emblem of the new order, eager, pushing, ugly, and impatient of the slow loveliness it supersedes; the sunset hour, closing man's labour; the fading river-reach—you may call these things obvious, but all art's greatest effects are obvious when *once* genius has discovered them.

I should know well enough by this time what is coming when I draw near that picture, and yet my heart never fails to leap with the old wild wonder. There are usually one or two men standing before it—I observe it affects women less—and I glance at them furtively to see how *they* take it. If ever I surprise one with tears in his eyes I believe we shall shake hands. And why not? For the moment we are not strangers, but men subdued by the wonder and sadness of our common destiny: 'we fee that we are greater than we know.' We are two English men, in one moment realizing the glories of our blood and state. We are alone together, gazing upon a new Pacific, 'silent, upon a peak in Darien.'

For—and here lies his subtlety—in the very flush o amazement the painter flatters you by whispering tha for *you* has his full meaning been reserved. The *Téméraire* goes to her doom unattended, twilit, obscure, with no pause in the dingy bustle of the river. You alone hav eyes for the passing of greatness, and a heart to feel it

There 's a far bell ringing,

but you alone hear it tolling to evensong, to the clos of day, the end of deeds.

So, as we near the beach where she is to lie, a sens of proud exclusiveness mingles with our high regret Astern the jettyman and stevedores are wrangling ove their latest job; trains are shunting, cranes working trucks discharging their cargoes amid clouds of dust We and we only assist at the passing of a goddess Euergetes rests on his oars, the tow-rope slackens, sh glides into the deep shadow of the shore, and with a sof grating noise—ah, the eloquence of it!—takes ground Silently we carry her chain out and noose it about a monster elm; silently we slip the legs under her channels

lift and make fast her stern moorings, lash the tiller for the last time, tie the coverings over cabin-top and well; anxiously, with closed lips, praetermitting no due rite. An hour, perhaps, passes, and November darkness has settled on the river ere we push off our boat, in a last farewell committing her—our treasure 'locked up, not lost'—to a winter over which Jove shall reign genially

Et fratres Helenae, lucida sidera

As we thread our dim way homeward among the riding-lights flickering on the black water, the last pale vision of her alone and lightless follows and reminds me of the dull winter ahead, the short days, the long nights. She is haunting me yet as I land on the wet slip strewn with dead leaves to the tide's edge. She follows me up the hill, and even to my library door. I throw it open, and lo! a bright fire burning, and, smiling over against the blaze of it, cheerful, companionable, my books have been awaiting me

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but you alone hear it tolling to evensong, to the close of day, the end of deeds.

So, as we near the beach where she is to lie, a sense of proud exclusiveness mingles with our high regret. Astern the jettyman and stevedores are wrangling over their latest job; trains are shunting, cranes working, trucks discharging their cargoes amid clouds of dust. We and we only assist at the passing of a goddess. Euergetes rests on his oars, the tow-rope slackens, she glides into the deep shadow of the shore, and with a soft grating noise—ah, the eloquence of it!—takes ground. Silently we carry her chain out and noose it about a monster elm; silently we slip the legs under her channels,

lift and make fast her stern moorings, lash the tiller for the last time, tie the coverings over cabin-top and well; anxiously, with closed lips, praetermitting no due rite. An hour, perhaps, passes, and November darkness has settled on the river ere we push off our boat, in a last farewell committing her—our treasure 'locked up, not lost'—to a winter over which Jove shall reign genially

Et fratres Helenae, lucida sidera

As we thread our dim way homeward among the riding-lights flickering on the black water, the last pale vision of her alone and lightless follows and reminds me of the dull winter ahead, the short days, the long nights. She [illegible] wet slip strewn with [illegible] he follows me up the [illegible] I throw it open, and lo! a bright fire burning, and, smiling over against the blaze of it, cheerful, companionable, my books have been awaiting me.